

John Pattersall 1705
Wit and Mirth:
OR
PILLS
TO PURGE
Melancholy;

BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Many of the SONGS being new Sett.

The 2d. Edition Corrected, with Additions, and Printed
on the New Tyed Note.

To which is also added a Collection of
Excellent POEMS.

He is the best Physician you will find,
That thus to pleasing Mirth can fix your mind;
That every Temper, every sort can please,
With such variety of Songs as these.

L O N D O N. Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *H. P.*
and Sold by *John Cullen* at the Buck between the
two Temple Gates Fleet-Street.

Price Bound 2 s. 6 d. 1705.



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We

To all the Honest and Merry Souls in City or Country.

Gentlemen,

THis I entirely Dedicate to those who are honest Votaries to Bacchus, (but not a word of Women;) you know, in Drinking, there needs a Pipe, to purge the troublesome Thoughts which intrude sometimes upon pleasant Tempers, and I now present you (I mean for your Money) a PILL which not only dilates the Spleen, but, by a Glass, being thus repeated to the Merry God, and by repeating it twice a week, it will quicken your Spirits, drive you forward to your just business, and raise you above the sordid thoughts of too much Care. I wish it may have these effects, which, next to Money, I'm sure it was intended for; but I am afraid you will find your interest much superiour to mine, which if you do, there will be a double duty upon you; first to satisfy your Physician, and afterwards to Recommend him to the rest of the World.

The Stationer on the BOOK.

T Here's no Purge 'gainst *Melancholy*,
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;
All else are but Dregs of Folly.

Paracelsus wanted skill,
When he sought to cure that Ill;
No *Pectorais* like the Poet's Quill.

Here are *Pills* of every sort,
For the *Country, City, Court*,
Compounded and made up of sport,

If 'gainst *Sleep*, and *Fumes* impure,
Thou, thy *Senses* would'st secure,
Take this, *Coffee's* not half so sure.

Wastest thou *Stomach* to thy Meat,
And would'st fain restore the heat?
This does it more than *Chocolate*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,
Puts thee in a merry Mood,
Who can deny such *Physick* good?

Nothing like to Harmless *Mirth*,
Tis a Cordial on earth,
That gives *Society* a Birth.

Then be wise, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an Ounce still for to Morrow,
Better than a pound of Sorrow.

H. P.

A Table of the SONGS and POEMS in this Book.

A	Page.
A T Winchester was a Wedding,	22
As it fell on a Holy-day,	25
Adzooks ches went the oder day,	55
As I walk'd forth one Summers day,	61
Awake my Lute,	69
A Begger got a Beadle,	79
All You that lov'd our Queen alive,	93
As I sat at my Spinning-wheel,	113
A Begger, a Begger,	117
As sad Amyntor in a Meadow lay,	176
As I walk'd in the Woods,	184
A Pox of the Fooling,	198
A Curse on all Cares,	205
A Pox of dull	207
As May in all	211
A Gentle Breeze,	221
A Soldier and a Sailer,	227
Adieu to the Pleasures,	190
Ab Phyllis why are you less tendre,	271
Ab Jenny gin your Eyes,	280
At London che've bin,	286
All hands up a loft,	324
As I went o'er yon misty Moor,	326

B	
B Right was the Morning,	132
Beneath a Mirtle shade,	185
Bonny Lad,	243

The Table.

	Page.
<i>Bonny Lads and Damsels,</i>	254
<i>Believe me Jenny,</i>	206
<i>Bonny Lass gin thou art mine,</i>	278
C	
C ome buy my New Ballad,	7
<i>Come listen a while,</i>	10
<i>Come Jug, my Honey,</i>	89
<i>Chloris now thou art,</i>	172
<i>Calm was the Ev'ning,</i>	178
<i>Chloe found Amyntas,</i>	232
<i>Come sweet Lass,</i>	244
<i>Come if you dare,</i>	313
D	
D amon why will you,	97
<i>De'el take the War,</i>	246
<i>Dear Pickaninny if,</i>	305
F	
F rom France, from Spain,	35
<i>Forth from the Dark,</i>	39
<i>Four and Twenty Fiddlers,</i>	77
<i>From Twelve years old,</i>	91
<i>Frier Bacon walks again,</i>	108
<i>Fairest Work of,</i>	217
<i>Fairest Jenny</i>	240
G	
G reat Jove once,	241
<i>Great Alexander's Horse,</i>	309
H	
H ark the thundring,	44
<i>How Happy's the mortal,</i>	144
<i>He</i>	

The Table.

He that a Tinker,	67
How Vile are the Sordid,	99
Ho Boy, hay Boy,	107
He that intends to,	124
He that is a clear,	147
Have your e'er seen,	175
How unhappy a,	182
Hail to the Myrtle shade,	197
He that is resolv'd to,	203
How lovely's a Woman,	216
How long must Woman,	259
Here's a Health to Folly,	292
Her Eyes are like the,	300
How Blest are Shepherds,	314
Hark the Cock Crow'd,	327

I

I F I live to grow old,	16
If I live to be old,	19
I am a Lusty Lively lad,	57
I Love thee for thy,	62
I Love a Lass,	65
In the merry month of May,	68
I Had a Cloris	71
If Musick be the food of Love,	96
I Went to the Alehouse,	119
In faith 'tis true,	129
Pll tell you a Story,	140
I tell thee Dick where,	150
Pll sing you a Sonnet,	156
In a humour I was late,	162
I saw the Lass whom dear,	225

If

The Table.

<i>If you will Love me</i>	228
<i>Jockey was a dawdy Lad,</i>	251
<i>Jenny, my blishest Maid,</i>	270
<i>I often for my Jenny strove,</i>	284
<i>In January last,</i>	277
<i>Jocky was as brisk,</i>	297
<i>If Love's a sweet passion,</i>	312

L

L <i>Et Wine turn a Spark,</i>	12
<i>Lay that sullen Garland,</i>	63
<i>Leave off fond Hermit,</i>	106
<i>Like a Ring without a finger,</i>	110
<i>Lament, Lament,</i>	154
<i>Love thee! Good sooth,</i>	173
<i>Let us drink and be merry,</i>	191
<i>Let's Love and,</i>	193
<i>Let the daring,</i>	194
<i>Lads and Lasses,</i>	260
<i>Let's Consecrate a mighty Bowl,</i>	330

M

M <i>artin said to his man,</i>	47
<i>My Masters and Friends,</i>	160
<i>Metbinks the poor town,</i>	187
<i>My life and my death,</i>	210
<i>Man was for the Woman made,</i>	235
<i>My dear Cock adoodle</i>	257
<i>Make your Honours Miss,</i>	301

N

N <i>ow that love's Holiday is come,</i>	120
<i>Now listen a while</i>	164
<i>Now God above ibat made' all things,</i>	265
<i>Old</i>	

The Table.

O

O <i>Ld. Stories tell how Hercules,</i>	1
<i>Of all the Trades that ever I see,</i>	28
<i>Of all the Recreations which,</i>	145
<i>O the time that is past,</i>	188
<i>Ob! Mother Roger,</i>	214
<i>Ob! fie, what mean I, foolish Maid,</i>	261
<i>Ods barty wounds, Ix e not to Plowing,</i>	295
<i>Of Noble Race was Shinking,</i>	311
<i>O Raree Show, O brave Show,</i>	333

P

P <i>Hyllis at first seem'd much afraid,</i>	86
<i>Poor Cælia once, was very fair,</i>	171
<i>Pastora's Beauty when unblown,</i>	196
<i>Pretty Armida will be kind.</i>	224

Q

Q <i>Uoth John to Joan wilt thou have me,</i>	135
--	-----

R

R <i>Anging the Plain one</i>	200
<i>Rise Bonny Kate the Suns got up high,</i>	263
<i>Royal and fair great Willy's dear Blessing,</i>	302

S

S <i>IR John got him,</i>	26
<i>Since love hath in thine,</i>	66
<i>Since Roving of late is as fatal as War,</i>	100
<i>Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,</i>	133
<i>Sir Eglamore, that valiant.</i>	316
<i>Some men they do delight in,</i>	159
<i>Sabina, in the dead of Night</i>	219
<i>Sawney is a Bonny,</i>	237
<i>Stubborn Church division.</i>	239
	Sinc:

The Table.

<i>Since there's so small,</i>	256
<i>Sit thee down by me,</i>	275
<i>Sing, Sing whilst we trip it,</i>	320

T

T <i>Here's many Clinchin,</i>	32
<i>The Sun had loos'd his,</i>	75
<i>The Sleeping Thames one morn,</i>	81
<i>To Horse, brave Boys of Newmarket</i>	88
<i>The four and twentieth day of,</i>	103
<i>Tom and Will were,</i>	130
<i>The Sages of Old,</i>	168
<i>Though Sylvia's Eyes,</i>	169
<i>Thus all our lives long we'er,</i>	179
<i>The Night her blackest Sable.</i>	202
<i>Tw'as within a Furlong of Edinborough,</i>	234
<i>Take not a Womans anger ill,</i>	236
<i>The Bonny grey Ey'd,</i>	248
<i>Tw'as when the Sheep,</i>	249
<i>The Sun was just Setting the,</i>	252
<i>The Jockey Su'd me long he</i>	264
<i>Tis a pitiful thing that now adays,</i>	267
<i>Tell me, ye Gods,</i>	272
<i>The bright Laurinda,</i>	279
<i>There was a Jovial Beggar,</i>	281
<i>Tell me Jenny, tell me roundly,</i>	283
<i>Tell me no more, no more I am,</i>	285
<i>Then Beauntious Nymph,</i>	287
<i>There was a bonny Blade,</i>	293
<i>Tw'as early one morning,</i>	304
<i>The Danger is over.</i>	318

Tobacco

The Table.

<i>Tobacco is an Indian Weed,</i>	315
<i>To kifs, to kifs, is Pretty,</i>	328
<i>The Story of King Arthur,</i>	337
<i>Twas in the Month of May Jo,</i>	347

V

U <i>ndone ! undone the,</i>	37
<i>Virgins if e'er at length,</i>	73
<i>Upon a Sunshine Summers,</i>	115

W

W <i>hen my hairs they grow,</i>	17
<i>When the kine bad,</i>	20
<i>Will you give me leave,</i>	41
<i>We be Souldiers three,</i>	46
<i>Who liveth so merry,</i>	49
<i>Willy prethee go to bed,</i>	51
<i>Why should we boast of,</i>	136
<i>Where ever I am,</i>	181
<i>Weep all ye Nymphs,</i>	212
<i>Why is your faithful,</i>	220
<i>When Money has done,</i>	223
<i>Why does Willy,</i>	245
<i>When first Amyntas su'd,</i>	274
<i>Waa is me what mun,</i>	288
<i>With an Old Song made,</i>	282
<i>Welfare Trumpets Drums,</i>	307
<i>Will and George both,</i>	319
<i>What ungrateful Devil,</i>	322
<i>When</i>	322

The Table.

<i>When Phillida with Jockey,</i>	335
<i>When Sylvia in bathing,</i>	332

Y

Y onder comes a courteous,	53
<i>You understand no tender,</i>	98
<i>You talk of New England,</i>	139
<i>Ye happy Swains whose,</i>	208
<i>Your Gamester,</i>	215
<i>You love and yet when,</i>	219
<i>Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,</i>	230
<i>Young I am and yet unskill'd,</i>	238
<i>You mad Caps of England who,</i>	298
<i>You Lasses and Lads take leave,</i>	321
<i>You Ladies who are young</i>	336

P O E M S

	Page
<i>The FRYER and the MAID,</i>	346
<i>The Virtue of SACK,</i>	348
<i>A Combat of Cocks,</i>	350
<i>On a Fart in the Parliament house,</i>	353
<i>The GENEVA Ballad,</i>	355

Pills

Pills to purge Melancholy.

*A true Relation of the dreadfull Combat between
More of More-Hall, and the Dragon of Want-
ley.*



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon slew at *Lern*,
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To see and well discern;
But he had a Club
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye;
But *More of More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

B

This

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
 Each one upon each Shoulder,
 With a sting in his Tayl
 As long as a Flayl,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long Claws,
 And in his Jaws,
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
 With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,
 Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the Trojan Horse.
 Held Seventy men in his Belly?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye,
 Devour did he,
 Poor Children Three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And at one Sup,
 He eat them up,
 As one should eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
 Some say he'd eat up Trees,
 And that the Forrest sure he would
 Devour up by degrees.
 For Houses and Churches
 Were to him Gorse and Burches:
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some Stones, dear Jack,
 Which he could not crack,
 Which on the Hills you will find.

In Yorkshire near fair Rotheram,
 The Place I know it well,
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell;
 But there is a Hedge,
 Just on the Hill Edge,

And

And *Mansw's* House hard by it;
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a Witch;
Some say he was the Devil,
For from his Nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning Snivel,
Which he cast off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did stand by,
Which made it look,
Just like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did Ring;
For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of Whore:
Do any kind of thing;
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his hands twain,
He swong a Horse till he was dead,
And that which was stranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noyse.
Oh save us all,
More of More-Hall,
Thou pearless Knight of these Woods;
Do but slay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, Tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
 But I want, I want insooth,
 A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
 And smiles about the Mouth:
 Hair as black as a floe,
 Both above and below,
 With a blush her cheeks adorning;
 To 'noynt me ore night,
 E're I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down;
 But first he went New Armour to
 Bespeak at *Sheffield Town*,
 With Spikes all about,
 Not within, but without,
 Of Steel so sharp and strong,
 Both behind and before;
 Arms, Legs, all o'er,
 Some five or six Inches long.

Had you but seen him in this Dress,
 How fierce he look'd and big
 You would have thought him for to be
 An *Egyptian Porca-Pig*.
 He frightened all
 Cats, Dogs, and all;
 Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog,
 For fear did flee,
 For they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish Hedghog.

To see this Fight, all People there
 Got upon Trees and Houses,
 On Churches some, and Chimneys too;
 But they put on their Trowzes,
 Not to spoil their Hofs.
 As soon as he rose,

Pills to purge Melancholy.

5

To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale,
Six pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aque-vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit doth Strength excel,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well,
Where he did think
This Dragon would drink,
And so he did in Truth;
And as he stoopt low,
He rose up and cry'd boe
And bit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that disturb'st me in my Drink,
And then he turn'd and shit at him,
Good lack how he did stink!
Beshrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung smells not like Balsam:
Thou Son of a whore,
Thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy Dye is unwholesome.

Our Politick, Knight on the other side
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a doubt
He knew not what to think,
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you so, do you see,
And then at him he let flie;
With hand and with foot,
And so they went to't,
And the word it was, Hey boys hey.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand
 Then to't they fell at all,
 Like to Wild Bears, so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small:
 Two Days and a Night,
 With this Dragon did fight,
 Our Champion on the Ground;
 Tho' their Strength it was great,
 Yet their Skill it was neat,
 They never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to Reel,
 And strait way he thought
 To lift him as high as a Rock;
 And thence let him fall,
 But *More of More-Hall*,
 Like a valiant Son of *Mor*;
 As he came like a Lout,
 So he turned him about,
 And hit him a kick on the Arse.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
 And turned six times together,
 Sobbing, and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his Throat of Leather,
 Oh, thou Raskal,
More of More-Hall,
 Would I had seen you never,
 With the thing at thy Foot,
 Thou hast prickt my Arse Gut,
 Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd
 Alack, alack, for Grief,
 Had you but mist that Place, you could
 Have done me no Mischief:
 Then his Head he shak'd,
 Trembled, and Quak'd

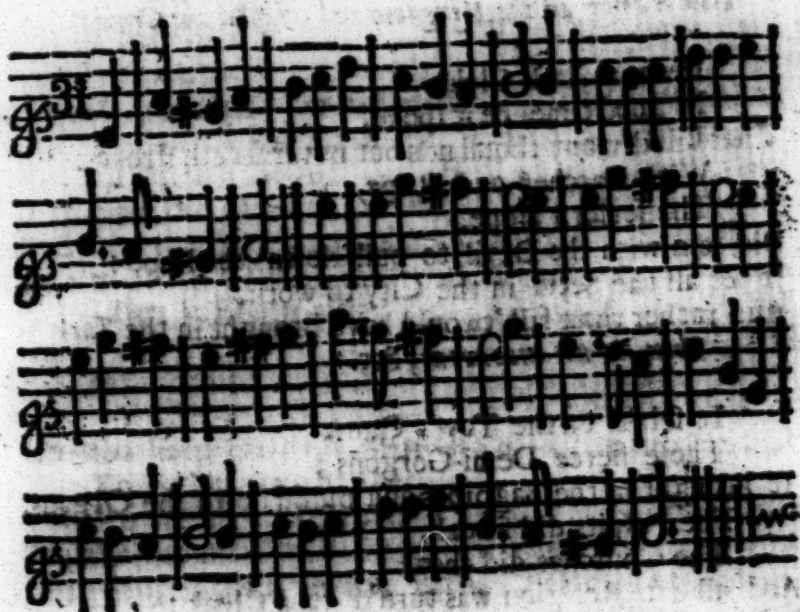
And

Pills to purge Melancholy.

7

And down he laid and cry'd :
First on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, shit, and dyed.

The CLOAKS KNAVERT.



Come buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every Palate :
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth :
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth,
'Twas made of a Clerk that fell out with a Gown,
That crump'd all the Kingdom and scripp'd the Crown.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

I'll tell you in brief,
 A story of Grief,
 Which hapen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
 It tore Common Prayers;
 Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
 In one day it voted down Prelates and Players;
 It made People perjurd in point of Obedience,
 And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp all the Kingdom and cripp'd the Crown.

It was a Black Cloke,
 In good time be it spoke,
 That kill'd many thousands but never struck stroke:
 With Hatchet and Rope,
 The forlorn Hope,
 Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
 It set all the Sects in the City to work,
 And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
 Those fierce Demi-Gorgons;
 It brought in the Bagnipes and pull'd down the Organs,
 The Pulpits did choak,
 The Churches did choak;
 And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
 It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;
 It set Publick Faith up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impostor
 Such fury did foster,
 It left us no penny nor no *Pater Noster*:
 It threw to the Ground
 Ten commandments down,
 And set up twice twenty times ten of its own:
 It routed the King, and Villains elected,
 To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

9

To blind People's Eyes.
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise:
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved
And was much approved,
For crying out—*Fight the Lord's Battels, beloved:*
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politick pates
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and mother,
To sister and Brother,
It gave a commission to kill one another:
It took up mens Horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed:
Tho' Cloak did not dot,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master!
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Though some of them went hence
 By sorrowful Sentence,
 This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance;
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty thousand times ten
 Are plotting to do their tricks over again:
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
 Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop:
 Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray, that the King,
 And his Parliament,
 In sacred and secular Things may consent;
 So Righteously firm,
 And Religiously free;
 That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be.
 And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
 One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,
 Then Peace, Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,
 And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.

Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street.
 Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd on
 the River of Thames during the great Frost!
 Tunc Packington's pound.

Come listen a while (tho' the Weather be cold)
 In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you may
 I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, hold.
 Of a River turn'd into a Bartholomew-Fair;
 Since old Christmas last
 There has been such a Frost.
 That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been crost,
 Oh Seulers I pity your fate of extreams,
 Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

'Tis

Pills to purge Melancholy.

11

'Tis some *Lapland Acquaintance* of *Conjurer Oates*
That has ty'd up your hands and Imprisoned your *Boots* ;
You know he was ever a Friend to the *Crow*
Of all those that to *Admiral James* have been true.

Where *Sculls* did once *Row*
Men walk to and fro,

But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so.
Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost.
Your *Fortune* will soon be as hard as the *Frost*.

In *Roast-Beef* and *Brandy* much *Money* is spent,
And *Bombs* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent ;
With old fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd
And the *Houses* from danger of *Fire* are ensured.

The chief place you meet

Is call'd *Temple-street*,

If you do not believe me, then you may go and see't.
From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *Sport*.

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*;
And swears he ne'er saw such a sight in his *Life* ;
The *Premises* starv'd at home for want of *Coals*
To catch them a *beast* do flock thither in *shoals*.

While the *Country Squire*

Does stand and admire,

At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
Strait comes an arch *Wag* a young *Son* of a *Whore*,
And lays the *Squires* head where his *heels* were before.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Scates*,
To pleasure the crowd shews his *tricks* and his *feats*,
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for his *Sharp Steels*)
His *Brains* and *Activity* lie in his *heels*.

Here all things like fate

Are in slippery state,

From the sole of the *Foot* to the *Crown* of the *Pate*.
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

Here

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Here *Damsels* are handled like *Nymphs* in the *Barb*,
 By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;
 They *slide* to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*;
 When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*,
 Where *Wenchers* sell *Glasses* and crackt *Earthen-ware*;
 To shew that the *World* and the pleasures it brings,
 Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
 One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-stuff*,
 Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd
 (As oft she had done in the *Country*.) to slide,

In the way lay a stump,

That with a damn'd thump.

She broke both her *Shoe-strings* and crippl'd her *Rump*.
 The heat of her *Bustocks* made such a great thum,
 She had like to have drowned the *Man* of the *Law*.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,
 I give you this *warning* for better or worse,
 Be not there in *Moonshine*, pray take my advice,
 For slippery things have been done on the *Ice*.

Maids there have been said

To lose *Maiden-head*.

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*.
 If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
 It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

*The praise of the Dairy-Maid, with a lick at the
 Cream Pot, or a Fading Rose. To the foregoing
 Tune.*

LET Wine turn a *Spark* and Ale huff like a *Heifer*,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Fove* his rich *Nectar*.
 Neither *Cider* nor *Sberry*,
Metbeglin nor *Perry*,
 Shall

Pills to purge Melancholy.

49

Shall more make me *Drunk*, which the vulgar call *merry*;
These *Drinks* o'er my *Fancy* no more shall prevail;
But I'll take a full *loop* at the merry *Milk-pail*.

In praise of a *Dairy* I purpose to sing;
But all things in order first, *God save the King*,
And the *Queen* I may say,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair *Damsels*, to finish this *Theme*,
And inspire my *fancy* with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

The first of fair *Dairy-Maids* if you'll believe,
Was *Adam's* own *Wife*, your *Great-grandmother Eve*,
She milk'd many a *Cow*,
As well she knew how;
Tho *Butter* was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheese* on a *Shelf*,
For the *Butter* and *Cheese* in those days made it self.

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,
Yet the *Children* of *Israel* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*;
No *Queen* you could see
Of the highest *Degree*,
But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meanest she.
Their *Lambs* gave them *Cloathing*, their *Cows* gave them
In a plentiful *Peace* all their *Joys* were compleat. (Meat,

But now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,
That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britain's* chief *Meat*.
When they first begin 'it,
To see how the *Rennet*
Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the blew whey, when they put the *Curd* by,
They look just like *Amber* or *Clouds* in the *Sky*.
Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*
Is *Dish-water* stuff to a *Dish* of a new *Whey*;
For it cools *Head* and *Brains*,
Ill vapours it drains,

And

24 *Pills to purge Melancholy.*

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains.
Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou *Daughter of Milk*, and *Mother of Butter*,
Sweet *Cream* thy due praises how shall I now utter?
For when at the best,

A thing's well express'd,
We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest*:
Had I been a *Mouse*, I believe in my Son!
I had long since been drowned in a *Cream bowl*.

The *Elixir of Milk*, the *Dutch-men's* delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;
But oh, the soft stream
That remains of the *Cream*!

Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a dream:
It removes all *Obstructions* depresses the Spleen,
And makes an old *Bawd* like a *Wench* of fifteen.

Amongst the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,
A thousand more *Dainties* are daily in use;

For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,
E'er it goes in the Belly,
Must have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Felly*:
For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,
Is like a *Citizen's Wife* without *Satten* or *Silk*.

In the *Virtue* of *Milk* there's more to be muster'd,
The charming delights of *Cheese Cakes* and *Custard*;
For at *Tottenham-Court*,

You can have no sport,
Unless you give *Custards* and good *Cheese Cakes* for't:
And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh;
Unless he hath got a great *Custard* to quaff.
Both *Pancakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good store,
But a *Devonshire White-pot* requires much more.

No state you can think,
Tho' you study and wink,

From

From the lusty *Sack*-posset to poor *Posset-drink*,
But *Milk*'s the Ingredient, tho' *Sack*'s ne'er the worle;
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho' *Milk* makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted *Cream* or a *Goose-berry-Fool*;

A Lady I heard tell,

Not far off did dwell,

Made her *Husband* a *Fool*, and yet pleas'd him full well.
Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good natur'd *Women* such *Fools* may be had.

When the *Damsel* has got the *Cows Teat* in her hand,
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand,

Then with a pleasure I rub,

Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the Blessing of a *Syllabub*:

Oh *Dairy-maids*, *Milk-maids*, such blis ne'er oppose,

If e'er you'll be happy; I speak under the *Rose*.

This *Rose* was a *Maiden* once of your profession,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken possession;

At length it was said,

That one *Mr. Edmond*

Did both dig and sow in her *Parly-Bed*;

But the *Fool* for his labour deserves not a *Rush*,

For grafting a *Thistle* upon a *Rose bush*.

Now *Milk-maids* take warning by this *Maidens* fall,

Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;

Mind well your *Milk-pan*,

And ne'er touch a man,

And you'll still be a *Maid*, let him do what he can.

I am your well-wisher, then listen to my word.

And give no more *Milk* than the *Cow* can afford.

The Old Mans Wish.

I F I live to grow old (for I find I go down.)
 Let this be my Fate In a fair Countrey Town
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate ;
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away ;
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look ;
With a spacious plain without Hedge or stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my passion, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before :
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean (tho' course) Linen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar,
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy Wine*,
To drink the Kings Health in as oft as I Dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it Freezes and Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose ;
A Fire (which once stirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow :
For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The Old Womans Wish, Tune The Old Mans Wish.

When my hairs they grow hoary, & my cheeks they
look pale, [fail
When my forehead hath wrinkles, and my eye-sight doth
Let

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm,
 And have my old Husband to keep my Back warm.
The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
Oh! let me live well, though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print,
 With a Pot o'er the Fire, and good *Vittuals* in't;
 With Ale, Beer, and Brandy, both Winter and Summer,
 To drink to my Gossip and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs and with Poultry, with some Money in store,
 To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the poor:
 With a bottle of Canary, to drink without sin,
 And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies In.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night;
 With a Maid in the morning to rise when 'tis light;
 To do her work neatly, to obey my desire,
 To make the house clean, and to blow up the Fire.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
 With a thick Hood & Mantle, when I ride on my Mare:
 Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
 With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay:
 When young she was chearful no Scold nor no Whore,
 She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor:
 Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
 Though her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away,
 She liv'd well and happy until the last day.

The Old Woman's Wish to the same Tune.

If I live to be old, which I never will own ;
Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town ;
Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in store,
And a Lusty young Fellow to rub me before.
May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloths,
A swinging Coal-fire still under my Nose ;
With a large Elbow Chair to sit at the Fire,
And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire.
May I give to my Passion &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday, with Custard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums ;
With a dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh quart,
Reserv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.
May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to sing *Cherry-Ghasts* & eat a pot of good Ale,
A Snuff-box, and short Pipe, sing under the Range,
And a clean Flannel shift as oft as I change.
May I give to my Passion, &c.

Without Palsy or Gout, may I die in my Chair,
And when dead, may my *Great Great Grandchild* declare
She's gone who so long has cheated the Devil,
And the World is well rid of a troublesome evil.
That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping and grunting her breath wore away,
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

Tom and Doll, or the Modest Maids Delight.

When the Kine had given a Pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home,
 Doll who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young Tom:

Hand in hand Sir,

O're the Land Sir,

As they walked to and fro,

Tom made Dolly Love to Dolly,

But was answer'd, No, no, no no, no, &c.

Faith says Tom the time is fitting,

We shall never get the like;

You can never get from Knitting,

Whil'st I'm Digging in the Dike:

Now

Pills to purge Melancholy.

21

Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see or know ;
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee shall I ?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what snares you'd make us fall,
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all ;
Tom with sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a fool to argue so ;*
Come come, *Dolly*, shall I ? shall I ?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confest,
By the hand he often shook her,
And drank brimmers to the best, &c.
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm ;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he said the silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down ;
Tom came to her,
For to woe her
Thinking this the time to try :
Something past so kind at last,
Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they join'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean,
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in ;

Both

Pills to purge Melanckoly.

Both now lying,
 Panting dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

*The Winchester Wedding; or Ralph of Redding,
 and Black bes of the Green.*



AT Winchester Was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 Twixt lusty *Ralph of Redding*,
 And bonny black *Bes of the Green*:
 The Fiddlers were Crouding before,
 Each Lass was as fine as a Queen,

There

There was a hundred and more,
For all the Country came in :
Brisk Robin led *Rose* so fair,
She look't like a Lily o'th Vale,
And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He helpt her over the Stile,
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty and forty long mile.
Kir gave a Green-Gown to *Benny*,
And lent her his hand to rise,
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the eyes :
Thus merrily chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along,
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
The fairest of all the throng-

The Bride groom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *boyl'd*,
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side,
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his thumb,
But *Fenkin* was reckon'd for drinking
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall*,
The Fidlers struck up for dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl* :
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her pelf,

Cause *Arthur* had stollen her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself:
 She struggl'd and blusht, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led,
 The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
 But *Robin* that found him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
 Was playing at *Hoopers-bide*;
 And now the warm Game begins,
 The *Critical minute* was come
 And Chatting & Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room,

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring,
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And Wedded her with a *Rusko Ring*:
Sukey that danc'd with the *Cushion*,
 An hour from the room had been gone,
 And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done;
 And thus of fifty fair Maids,
 That came to the Wedding with Men,
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.

John Dory, *made upon his Expedition into France.*



As it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide a,
And upon a Holy-tide a.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,
A little before the Gate a;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted
To let him in thereat a.

The first Man that *John Dory* did meet,
Was good King *John* of *France* a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A Pardon, A Pardon, my Liege and my King,
For my merry Men and for me a;
And all the Churls in merry *England*,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And *Nichol* was then a Cornish man,
A little beside *Bobide* a;
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,
With fifty good Oars on a side a.

Run up my Boy, unto the main Top,
 And look what thou canst spy a ;
 Who ho ! who ho ! a goodly Ship I do see,
 I trow it be *John Dory* a ;

They hoist their Sails, both top and top,
 The Mizen and all was try'd a ;
 And every Man stood to his Lot,
 What ever should betide a.

The Roaring Cannons then were ply'd:
 And Dub-a-dub- went the Drum a ;
 The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
 To courage both all and some a.

The grappling Hooks were brought at length,
 The brown bill and the Sword a,
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
 Was clap'd fast under board a.

*A Second part of John Dory, to the same Tune, up-
 on Sir John S—— Expedition into Scotland
 1639.*

Sir *John* got him an ambling Nag,
 To *Scotland* for to ride a ;
 With a hundred Horse more than his own,
 To guard him on each side a ;

No arrant Knight e'er went to fight,
 With half so gay a *Serado* ;
 Had you seen but his Look, you'd a sworn on a Book,
 He'd conquer'd a whole *Armado*.

The Ladies run all to the windows to see,
So noble and gallant a fight a;
And as he rode by, they began to cry,
Sir *John* why will you go to fight a.

But he like a cruel Knight rode on,
His Heart would not relent a;
For till he came there he shew'd no fear,
Why then should he repent a;

The King (God bless) had singular hopes,
Of him, and all his Troop a;
The Bord'ers as they met him o'th' way,
For Joy did hollow and hoop a

None lik'd him so well as his own Colonel,
who took him for *John Du-wart* a;
But when there were shews of Gunning and Blows,
Sir *John* was nothing so pert a.

For when the *Scotch* Army came in fight,
All Men were prepared to fight a;
He run to his Tent, and ask'd what they meant
And swore he must needs go shite a.

His Colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the Van a;
But Sir *John* did swear he came not there,
To be kill'd the very first man a;

To cure his fear he was sent i'th' Rear,
Some ten miles back and more a;
Where he fell to play at Tray-trip for Hey,
And ne'er saw the Enemy more a;

The BLACK-SMITH.

O Fall the trades that ever I see,
 There's none to a *Black-smith* compared may be,
 With so many several Tools works he,
Which no body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made,
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-smith's* trade,
 As in a learned Author is said,
Which no body &c.

When Thund'ring like we strike about,
 The Fire like lightning flashes out,
 Which suddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body &c.

The fairest Goddess in the Skies
 To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,
 And he was a *Black-smith* grave and wise,
Which no body &c.

Vulcan he to do her right,
 Did build her a Town by day and by night,
 And gave it a name which was *Hammer-smith* hight;
Which no body &c. *Vul-*

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter.
Which no body &c.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from dirt,
And sure there was reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her court,
Which no body &c.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the *Black-smith* rectifi'd,
To the honour of *Edmond Iron-side*;
Which no body &c.

Vulcan after made a train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en,
Which ever since hath been call'd *Paul's chain*;
Which no body &c.

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a man must hit the nail on the head,
Without the *Black-smith* cannot be said;
Which no body &c.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the *Black-smiths* lot,
That a must strike while the *Iron* is hot;
Which no body &c.

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The *Black-smith's* Justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast-meat and beat him with the
Which nobody &c.

(spit.
A-

Another comes in our *Black-smith's way*
 When things are safe as old wives say,
 We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no body &c.

Another that's in the *Black-smith's books*
 And only to him for remedy looks
 Is when a man is quite off the hooks,
Which no body &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
 And therefore lets do the *Black-smith* no wrong
 When a man's held hard to it buckle and thong ;
Which no body &c.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,
 Wherein the *Black-smith* may challenge half
 When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff,
Which no body, &c.

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far;
 And by long pleading a good Cause may mar,
 Yet your *Black-smith* takes more pains at the Barr.
Which no body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill
 By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,
 Yet your *Black-smith* may forge what he will ;
Which no body, &c.

Tho your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
 And laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles,
 Yet your *Black-smith* can fetch them over the coals ;
Which no body, &c.

Though Jockey in the stable be never so neat,
 To look to his nag, and prescribe him his meat,
 Yet your *Black-smith* knows better how to give him a heat
Which no body, &c.

If any Taylor have the itch,

The *Black-smith's* water as black as pitch
Will make his hands go thorough stich ;
Which no body &c.

There's never a slut if filth o'er smutch her,

But owes to the *Black-smith* for her leacher
For without a pair of tongs there's no man would touch
Which no body, &c. (her ;

Your Roaring boys who every one quails,

Fights, domineers, swaggers and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails
Which no body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt ,

And cannot well bring this matter about,
The *Blacksmith* can hammer it out ;
Which no body &c.

Now if to know him you would desire,

You must not scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the Fire ;
Which no body &c.

Now here's a good health to *Black-smiths* all

And let it go round as round as a ball ,
We'll drink it all off though it cost us a fall ;
Which no body &c.

The BREWER. To the Tune of the Blacksmiths.

There's many Clinching verse is made,
 In honour of the *Blacksmith's* trade,
 But more of the *Brewer* may be said ;
which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
 The *Blacksmith* cannot be compleat,
 Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat ;
which no body can deny.

When Smug unto the Forge doth come,
 Unless the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home,
 He'll never strike, my pot, and thy pot, Tom ;
which no body can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
 The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,
 His liquor reaches up to the crown ;
which no body can deny.

Many new Lord from him there did spring,
 Of all the trades he still was their King,
 For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling ;
which no body can deny.

He scorneth all laws and Marshall strops
 But whips an army as round as tops,
 And cuts off his foes as thick as hops ;
which no body can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
 And crys my masters when he has got 'em,
 Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
which no body can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
which no body can deny.

The Jewish Scot that scorns to Eat,
The flesh of Swine and Brewers beat,
'Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat
which no body can deny.

Poor Fockey and his basket hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body can deny.

Though Femmy gave the first assault
The Brewer at last made him to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;
which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Nose and copper were both of one Metal.
which no body can deny

Some Christian Kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make
We'll let him alone as he brews let him bake;
which no body can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout heart.
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart;
which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnace in his face;
which no body can deny.

But yet by the way you must understand,
He kept his Foes so under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand ;
which no body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag ;
But now he is hurried away with a hag,
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag ;
which no body can deny.

And now may all stout Soldiers say,
Farewel the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay ;
which no body can deny

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold son of slaughter,
We need not to fear, what shall follow after,
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,
which no body can deny.

And if his successor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many grains too light ;
which no body can deny.

Let's leave of singing, and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a tale of a tub ;
which no body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From *France* from *Spain* from *Rome* I come,
And from all Parts of *Christendom*,
Fot to cure all strange diseases,
Come take phylick he that pleases :
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your water,
I can teach you it to keep ;
And other things are very meet ,
As, groaning backward in your sleep.

Come an ugly dirty whore,
That is at least Threescore or more,
Whose face and nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass her by ;
I can make her plump and young,
Lusty lively and also strong,
Honest, active, fit to wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head :
All this is done as soon as said,

If any man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life
With scolding, yoleing in the house,
As tho the Devil was turn'd loose ;
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her presently
With one Pill I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil.
Or send her head-long to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Achs without,
There is no disease but I
Can find a present remedy :
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I cure :
Nay more than that I will maintain,,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any man has not,
The heart to fight against the Scot,
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing
Or any that has been dead,
Seven long years and buried ;
I can him to life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more.

If any man desire to live
A thousand ages let him give
Me a thousand pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life unless he dye ;
Nay more I'll teach him a better trick ,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick :
But if I no mony see ,
And he with diseases troubled be,
Then he may thank himself not me.

A SONG made on the Downfall, or pulling down of Charing-Cross, An. Dom. 1642.



Undone! undone! the Lawyers are,
 They wander about the Town,
 And cannot find the way to *Westminster*;
 Now *Charing-Cross* is down:
 At the end of the *Strand* they make a stand,
 Swearing they are at a loss;
 And chafing say, That's not the way,
 They must go by *Charing Cross*,

The Parliament to Vote it down,
 Conceived very fitting,
 For fear't should fall and kill em all
 I'th house as they were sitting,
 They were inform'd't had such a plot,
 Which made 'em so hard hearted,
 To give express command, it should be
 Taken down and carted

Men

Men talk of Plots, this might been worse,
 For any thing I know,
 Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
 Was hang'd for long ago :
 But as our Parliament from that,
 Themselves strangely defended ;
 So still they do discover Plots,
 Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman nor Child,
 Will say I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word,
 Against the Parliament :
 T' had letters about it some say
 Or else it had been freed ;
 Fore-God I'll take my oath that it,
 Could neither write nor read.

The Committee said, Verily
 To Popery 'twas bent,
 For ought I know it might be so,
 For to the Church it never went :
 What with Excise, and other loss,
 The Kingdom doth begin,
 To think you'll leave 'em neer a Cross,
 Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
 Of it have taken pity,
 Cause good old Cross, it always stood,
 So strongly to the City :
 Since Crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith if I was as you,
 For fear the King should Rule again,
 I'd pull down Tyburn too,

TOM a BEDLAM.

FOrth from the dark and dismal Cell,
And from the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and Cares oppress my soul;
Hark how the angry Furies howl
Pluto laughs and *Proserpine* is glad;
To see poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander night and day,
To find my straggling senses,
In an angry mood old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When me he spies away he flies,
For *Time* will stay for no Man;
In vain with crys I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie,
Help! o help! or else I die;
Hark I hear *Apollo's* Team,
The Carman gins to whistle;
Chast *Diana* bends her bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come *Vulcan* with tools and tackles,
And knock off my troublesome shackles.
Bid *Charles* make ready his wain,
To find my lost senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the dark;

Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the gout,
For his broad horns hung so in his light,
That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury the nimble post of Heaven,
Stay'd to see the quarrel,
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid,
A strong-beer barrel :

To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider ;
He drank whole Buts till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little drink for Charity :
Hark ; I hear *Aëon's* hounds,
The Hunts-man Whoops and Hallows
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chace doth follow.

The man in the moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

*A SONG made on the Power of Women. To
the Tune of the Blacksmith.*

WILL you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye
It shall do more good than ten of *John Dory* ;
Which no body can deny.

Tis no Story of *Robin hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to demonstrate the power of women,
It is a subject that's very common ;
Which no body *&c.*

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in spite of Criticks give you my narration,
For Women now are all in fashion,
Which no body, *&c.*

Then pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore sway,
A Woman beareth the Bell away ;
Which no body *&c.*

The greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd,
But this of the Women can never be cool'd ;
Which no body *&c.*

I wonder from whence this power did spring,
Or who the Devil first set up this thing,
That spares neither Peasant, Prince nor King ;
Which no body *&c.*

Their Scepter doth rule from *Cæsar* to *Rustick*,
From finical *Kir* to soldier so lustick,
In fine, it rules all, tho' ne'er so robustick ;
Which no body *&c.*

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,
But his eyes turn'd pimp and his heart trapan ?
Which no body &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne'er so holy a Brother of Grace,
If he met a loose sister, but he wou'd embrace;
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot tho' their Natures cold,
But in this kind of pleasure they commonly roul'd
Which no Body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus* but little of *Bellow*,
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no body can deny,

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his problems a Subject so muddy
Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy ;
Which no body &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Who triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave,
His heart to *Aspatia*, and became her slave ;
Which no body &c.

Demosthenes to *Corimb* he took a Voyage
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age
And all was for a *Modicum Pyeage*.
Which no body &c.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make men prevail,
A Sweet Tooth and a liquorish tayl,
Which no body, &c.

Lycurgus and *Solon* were both Law-makers
And no Men I'm sure are such wiseacres,
To Think that themselves would not be partakers
Which no body &c.

An Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation,
He might take another for Procreation;
Which no body &c.

If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon her report,
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport;
Which no body &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a string,
By a woman is captivated; poor thing!
Which no body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And wept because the world was so small.
In the Queen of *Amazons* pit did fall;
Which no body &c.

Antonius and *Nero* and *Caligula*,
Were *Rome's* Tormentors by night and by day,
Yet women beat them at their own Play.
Which no body &c.

A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.



H Ark the thundring Cannons roar,
 Ecchoing from the German Shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er;
 The Turks are all confounded
 Lorrain comes, they run, they run
 Charge your Horse through the grand half Moon,
 We'll quarter give to none,
 Since Starembourg is wounded,

Close your ranks and each brave soul,
 Take a lusty flowing bowl,
 A grand carouse to the Royal Pole,
 The Empires brave defender;
 No man leave his post by stealth,
 Plunder the Grand Visier's wealth,
 But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
 Of the second, Alexander.

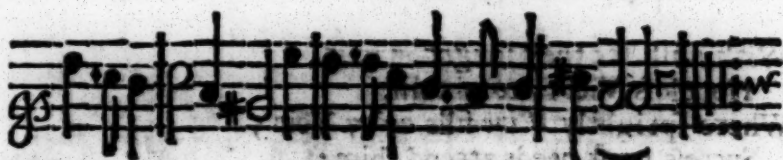
Mabomet was a sober dog,
A *Small -Beer* drouzy senseless *Rogue*,
The juice of the *Grape* so much in vogue
To forbid to those adore him;
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
Given 'em leave to caroule in *Wine*,
The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
Hopeless *Vict'ry* to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry *Vein*;
Success must needs attend him;
Our *Brains* (like our *Cannons*) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober set flies the alarm,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground;
Against the force of *Claret*:
Whilst we give them thus the *Foil*,
And the *Pagan troops* recoil:
The *Valiant Poles* divide the spoyl,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the most *Christian Turks* at home,
Watching the fate of *Christendom*,
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Cesar* now advance,
And if he sends a *Fleet* to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

A S O N G.



VE be Soldiers three,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 Lately come forth of the low Country,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here Good fellow I drink to thee.
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 To all good Fellows where ever they be,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie :
 Pays for the shot what ever it is,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la lantido dilly.

Charge it again boy, charge it again,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
 With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

A SONG.



Martin said to his Man,
 Fie man, fie,
 O Martin said to his man,
 Who's the fool now?
 Martin said to his man fill thou the cup,
 and I the can.
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 Who's the fool now,

I see a sheep sheering corn,
 Fie man fie,
 I see a sheep sheering corn,
 Who's the fool now:
 I see a sheep sheering corn,
 And a cuckold blow his horn,
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 Who's the fool now,

I see a man in the Moon,

Fie man, fie :

I see a man in the Moon,

Who's the fool now ?

I see a man in the Moon,

Clowting of Saint Peter's shoon,

Thou hast well drunken man,

Who's the fool now ?

I see a hare chase a hound,

Fie man, fie :

I see a hare chase a hound,

Who's the fool now ,

I see a hare chase a hound,

Twenty mile above the ground,

Thou hast well drunken man,

Who's the fool now ?

I see a goose ring a hogg,

Fie man fie,

I see a goose ring a hogg,

Who's the fool now ?

I see a goose ring a hogg,

And a snail that did bite a dogg,

Thou hast well drunken man

Who's the fool now ?

I see a Mouse catch the cat,

Fie man, fie :

I see a mouse catch the cat,

Who's the fool now ?

I see a mouse catch the cat,

And the cheese eat the rat,

Thou hast well drunken man,

Who's the fool now ?

A S O N G.



VV Ho liveth so merry in all this land,
As doth the poor widow that selleth the land?
And ever she Singeth as I can guess,
Will you buy any land, any land. Mistress?

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of Brooms from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing.

The Chimny-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:
Yet when he comes home although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he sits cobling till noon,
And cobleth his shooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his works will soon decay.

The Merchant-man doth sail on the Seas,
And lie on the ship-board with little ease :
Always in doubt the Rock is near ,
How can he be merry and make good chear ?

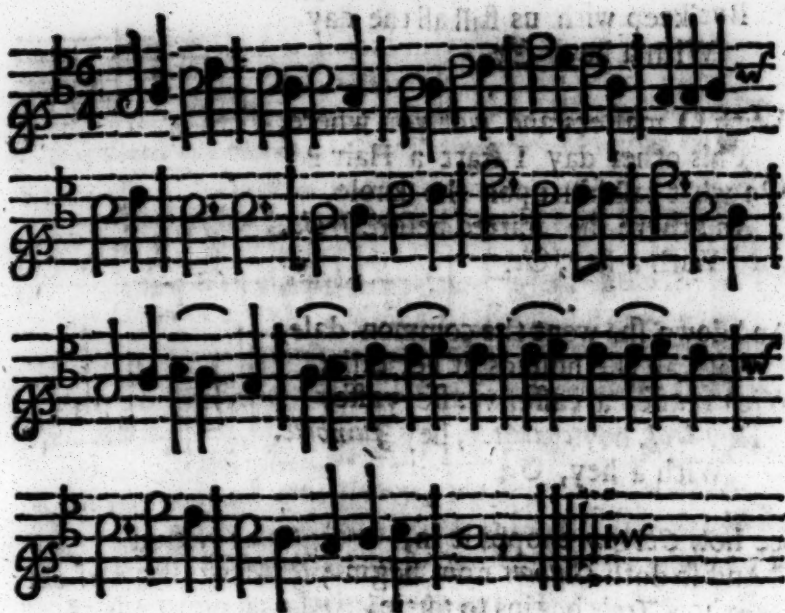
The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow ;
He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good chear ?

The Serving-man waiteth from street to street,
with blowing his nails and beating his feet :
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good chear.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport ,
As those that be of the poorest sort ?
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many ?

A S O N G.



Willy, prethee go to bed,
 For thou wilt have a drowfie head,
 To morrow we must a hunting,
 And betimes be stirring,
 With a hey trolly loly, loly, loly, &c.
 Hey ho-tro lo, lo, lo, ly, ly, lo.

It is like to be fair weather,
 Couple up all thy hounds together :
 Couple *Folly* with little *Folly* ,
 Couple *Trole* with old *Trolly*,
 With a hey tro ly lo, lo ly,
 Tro ly lo, ly lo.

Couple *Finch* with black *Trole*,
 Couple *Chammer* with *Fumble* :
 Let *Beauty* go at liberty,
 For she doth know her duty ;
 With a hey, &c.

D 2

Let

Let *Merry* go loose it makes no matter,
 For *Cleanly* some times she will clater,
 And yet I'm sure she will not stray,
 But keep with us still all the day.

With a hey, &c.

With O masters and wot you where,
 This other day I start a Hair?
 On what call hill upon the knole,
 And there she started before *Trole*.

With a hey, &c.

And down she went the common dale,

With all the hounds at her call,
 With yeasse, a yeasse, yeasse yeasse,
 Hey *Trol*, hey *chaunter*, hey *Jumble*.

With a hey, &c.

See how *Choooper* chopps it in,
 And so doth *Gallant* now begin;
 Look how *Trole* begins to tattle,
 Tarry a while ye shall hear him prattle.

With a hey, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tail,
 Of cleanly's help we shall not fail;
 And *Chaunter* opens very well,
 But *Merry* she doth bear the bell.

With a hey, &c.

Go prick the Path, and down the laun,
 She useth still her old train,
 She is gone to what call wood,
 Where we are like to do no good.

With hey tro ly lo, ly lo,
 tro ly lo, &c.

A SONG.



Yonder comes A courteous Knight,
Lustily raking over the hay,
He was well ware of a bonny lass,
As she came wandering over the way,
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry; then she, &c.

Jove you speed, fair lady, he said,
Amongst the leaves that be so green;
If I were a King and wore a Crown,
Full soon, fair lady, should thou be a Queen.
Then she sang, down, &c.

Also *Jove* save you, fair lady,
Among the Roses that be so red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full soon fair Lady shall I be dead.
Then she sang, &c.

Then he look't East, then he look't West,
He look't North, so did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devils mouth.
Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
 A maid unto my fathers hall;
 Then you shall have your will of me,
 Under purple and under paul.
 Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a steed,
 And himself upon another;
 And all the day he rode her by,
 As though they had been sister and brother.
 Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,
 It was well walled round about;
 She rode in at the wicket gate,
 And shut the four ear'd fool without.
 Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) anroad in the field,
 Among the corn amidst the hay,
 Where you might had you will of me,
 For, in good faith sir I never said nay.
 Then she sang, &c.

You had me also amid the field,
 Among the rushes that were so brown;
 Where you might had your will of me,
 But you had not the face to lay me down.
 Then she sang, &c.

He pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
 And wip'd the rust of with his sleeve;
 And said; *Joves* curse come to his heart
 That any woman would believe.
 Then she sang, &c.

When you have your own true love,
 A mile or twain out of the town,
 Spare not for her gay clothing,
 But lay her body flat on the ground.
 Then she sang, &c.

The Country-Man's Ramble through Bartholomew-fair.



A Dzooks ches went the other day to London-town,
 In Smithfield such gazing,
 Zuch thruffing and squeezing,
 Was never known,
 A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom-Fair*,
 But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there
 In *Gold and Silver*, *Silk and Velvet* each was drest,
 a Lord in his Zattin,
 Was busly prating,
 amongst the rest.
 But one in Blue Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call
 Adsheart talk'd woundy wittily to them all.
 At last, *Cutzooks*, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
 The Rogue, being fluster'd,
 He flung me a Custard,
 amidst the Croud.
 The Volk vell a laughing at me ; then the *Vezen* zaid,
 Bezure *Ralph*, give it to Doll the *Dairry-maid*.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

I swallowed the affront but stayd no longer there;
 I thrust and I scrambled,
 Till further I rambled,
 into the Fair. (were all at work,

Where Trumpets and Bagpipes, Kettledrums, Fiddlers,
 And the Cooks zung, Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.

I look'd around to see the Wonders of the Vair,

Where Lads and Lasses

With Pudding-bag-arses,

So nimble were;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
 Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most wondrously pleas'd I up and down the Vair did range

To see the vine Varies,

Play all their Vagaries,

I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, What Country little Volk they were?

A cross-brat answered me Cbs were Cuckold-shire

I thrust and thov'd along as well as e'er I could,

at last did I grovel,

Into a dark Hovel,

Where Drink was sold;

(adheart

They brought me Cans, which cost a penny apiece,
 I'm zure twelve ne're could fill a County-quart.

Chewent to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,

The Devil a Penny,

Was left of my Money,

Chill vow and zwear.

(doors:

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of
 Adswounds, Raps, did ever see such Rogues & Whores.

The Prodigals Resolution, or, my Father was born before me.



I Am a lusty Lively Lad,
 Now come to one and twenty,
 My Father left me all he had,
 Both Gold and Silver plenty:
 Now he's in Grave I will be brave,
 The Ladies shall adore me;
 I'll court and kifs, what hurt's in this?
 My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,
 Till Soul and body fundred,
 Some say he was an Murderer,
 For thirty in the hundred;
 He scapt and scratcht, the pincht and patcht,
 That in her body bore me;
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My
 And I have Learned Law.

My Daddy has his duty done,
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son
 For spending it in pleasure ;
 Five pound a quart shall cheer my heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Gran'm lived at *Washington*,
 My Gran'fir delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old *John the Almoner*,
 Whole Lanthorn Leathern Breeches,
 Cry'd, whether go ye ? whether go ye ?
 Though Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.

My Gran'fir striv'd and wiv'd and thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much wealth achiev'd,
 Oh, then he got my Father,
 Of happy memory cry I,
 That ere his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one penny,
 Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, *Cambridge*, and *Grays Inn*,
 My gray-coat Gran'fir put him,
 Till to forget he did begin
 The Leathern Breech that got him ;
 One dealt in Straw th'other in Law,
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Gran'fir beggars Velvet.

So I get wealth what care I if
 My Gran'fir were a Sawyer,
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtile Learned Lawyer :

By Cooks Reports, and trials in Courts,
He did with Treasure store me;
That I may say, Heavens bless the day
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late a Merchant that
Had gotten store of Riches,
In's Dining-room hung up his hat
His staff and leathern Breeches;
His stockings gartred up with straw,
E'er providence did store him;
His son was Sheriff of London, cause
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At first did spring from Butter-milk,
Their Ancestors worth nothing;
Old Adam and our Grandam Eve
By digging and by spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give,
Their Radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
Though selfish yet was lavish,
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it;
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll Court my Doxies to the sport
Of o' brave Bunchinello:
I'll Drink and Drab, I'll Dice and Stab;
No Hector shall out-roar me;
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our Aged Counsellors would have;
 Us live by Rule and Reason;
 Cause they are marching to their Grave
 And pleasure's out of season;
 I'll learn to Dance the Mode of France,
 That Ladies may adore me;
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
 Though he was born before me.

I'll to the Court where *Venus* sport,
 Doth Revel it in Plenty,
 I'll deal with all both great and small,
 From Twelve to Five and Twenty;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets,
 Ladies make Room, behold I come,
 Have at your Knocking-Jackets.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

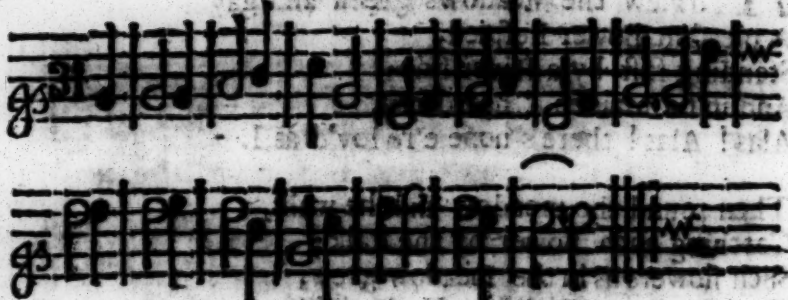


AS I walkd forth one summers day,
To view the Meadows green and gay.
A pleasant Bower I espied,
Standing fast by a River side;
And in't a Maiden I heard cry,
Alas! Alas! there's none e're lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb* an Herb all blew,
And as she pull'd them still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands,
She wept, sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was ever loved like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

Lovers Drollery.

I Love thee for thy Fickleness,
 And great Inconstancy;
 For had'st thou been a constant Lais,
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Wantonness,
 And for thy Drollery;
 For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
 Then thou had'st ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
 And for thy want of Coin;
 For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
 Then thou had'st ne'er been mine.

I love thee for thy Ugliness,
 And for thy foolery;
 For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
 Then thou had'st ne'er Lov'd me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
 And thou shall have my money;
 I'll part with all the wealth I have,
 To enjoy a Lais so Bonney.

Love's Butchery.



Lay that sullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elizium shades;
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile Plain;
Of sad Fools the Lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.

Cho.

Now

Now drink wine, and know the odds,
 'Twixt that *Letbe*, 'twixt that *Letbe*,
 'Twixt that *Letbe*, and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,
 Here's the soul reviving streams,
 The stupid Lovers brain in herits,
 Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Think not thou these dismal trances,
 Which our raptures can content,
 The Lad that laughs, and sings and dances,
 Shall come soonest to his end.

Cho.
 Sadness may some pity move,
 Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage
 Mirth and courage, conquers Love.

Fly then on that flowly fore-head,
 Ope those vainly crossed arms;
 Thou mayst as well call back the buried
 As raise Love by such like charms.

Sacrifice a glass of Claret
 To each letter of her Name;
 Gods have oft descended for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.
 If she comes not at the flood,
 Sleep will come, sleep will come,
 Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Reciprocal Love.



I Love a Lass but cannot show it,
I keep a fire that burns with-in,
Rak'd up in embers: Ah! could she know it,
I might perhaps be lov'd again:
For a true love may justly call,
For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some pitious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too, too weak;
No, no they say Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my muse and let this Verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

Power



Since love hath in thine and mine Eye,
 Kindled a holy flame,
 What pity 'twere to let it die,
 What sin to quench the same?
 The stars that seem extinct by day,
 Disclose their flames at night,
 And in a fable sense convey,
 Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear,
 Are shut or turn'd aside,
 Our Tongues, our Eyes may talk sans fear
 Of being heard or spy'd.
 What though our bodies cannot meet
 Loves fuel's more divine,
 The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
 And yet they never joyn.

False

Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine fair and bright ;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine ;
And when I feel mine waſt away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

The Tinker.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves.

And come liſten to me ;
Though he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toaſt in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Muſick he makes ;
He wanders the world to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares.

When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
O ! how the wanton Wenches run :

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to ſtop up their holes ;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer ;
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O ! he is the Man of Mettle.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

A SONG.



IN the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide,
When as May was in her pride;
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.

Much adoe there was God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all;
Then she bad the shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.
Then

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly sheperds use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phyllida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady May.

Cassandra in Mourning.



A Wake my Lute, arise my string,
And to my sad *Cassandra* sing;
Like the old Poets,
When the Moon had put her sable Mourning on,
Aloud they sounded with a merry strain,
Until her brightness was restor'd again.

[Too well I know from whence proceeds
 Thy wearing of these Mourning weeds;
 In cruel flames for thee I burn,
 And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.
 So fits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
 Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

Wear other Virgins what they will!
Cassandra loves her Mourning still;
 Thus the milky way so white
 Is never seen but in the Night;
 The Son himself, although so bright he seem,
 Is black as are the *Moors* that worship him.

But tell me thou deformed Cloud,
 How dar'st thou such a Body shroud?
 So *Jayres* with black hideous Fate,
 Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace:
 That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,
 Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

Her Words are Oracles, and come
 (Like those) from out some dark'ned room:
 And her Breath proves that Spices do
 Only in Scorched Countries grow:
 If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears;
 Though all o'er black, at Lips She Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
 As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lie;
 Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud:
 She looks like Snow with in a Cloud:
 Melt then and yield! throw off thy mourning Pall!
 Thou never can'st look white, until thou fall.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

71

Amyntor Distracted Complains.



I Had a *Cloris* my Delight,

Hey down, Hey down,

With Hair as brown as Berries,

Her Cheeks like Roses red and white,

Her Lips more sweet than Cherries.

Though *lovely Black* dwelt in her Eyes,

Hey down, hey down,

Like brightest Day that shin'd;

And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,

Made me and all men blind.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,

Hey down, hey down,

To kifs, to sport, and play;

But all this was with none but me,

So envy 'tself will say.

She fed her flock on yonder Plain,

Hey down, hey down,

'Tis wither'd now and dry;

How can *Amyntor* longer live,

When such things for her die?

Her

Her wandering Kids look in my face,
 Hey down, hey down,
 And with Dumb Tears Express
 The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,
 And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,
 Hey down, hey down,
 But not for flocks or treasure;
 And I was happy all the while,
 But now woe worth all pleasure.

When she liv'd I went fine and gay,
 Hey down, hey down,
 With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
 But now I am (as Shepherds say)
 The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Of Ivy and of Bays,
 Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow
 For Singin in her praise?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
 Hey down, hey down,
 For why the Clothes I wore,
 With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many mo,
 Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me I should be warm,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Or any Comfort have,
 As long as my dear *Cloris* lies
 So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather sticks and make a fire,
 Hey down, hey down,
 To warm her where she lies,
 Of Mirtles, Cypress, and Sweet-Bryer,
 And then perhaps she'll rise. To

To young Virgins A S O N G.



Virgins, if e'er at length it prove,
My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray with me such a Fate :
May Wit and Prudence be my guide,
And may a little decent Pride,
My Actions regulate.

S. Virgins if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such stateliness I mean as may
Keep Nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the wife.
That may secure my Modesty
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise.

S. Virgins if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When first a Lover I Commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,
And Learned Education:
May all his Courtship easie be,
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wisely meet his Passion.

S. Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design,
To bring us into Sorrow:
Grant me all this that I have said,
And willingly I'll live a Maid,
No longer than to morrow.

S. Virgins, &c.

*V*irgins if e'er I am in Love,
My Destiny to be in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate:
May Wit and I advance by my Fate,
And may a little dream of Fate,
My Actions regulate.

A SONG.



THe Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune's* Stream,
His *Iberis* was embracing;
The Stars they tripp'd in the firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May-day*;
Or Country Lasses a Mumping-lent,
Or School boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Cock late crowing;
When *Keger* dreaming of Golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Runt Sir;
For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,
His *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the tapping a good Ale Firkin;
 As Roger Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up dear Mother, then Roger crys,
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come;
 In Fuggy's belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out till you come.
 I'll help it, crys the old Hag, neer doubt,
 Thy Jug shall be well again, Boy;
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A Female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be christen'd that very morn,
 For fear it should die a Pagan.

Now Roger struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Conde;
 The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What tho' her thighs and Legs lie close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will when up to her teems the grow,
 By grace of the Lord lie wider.

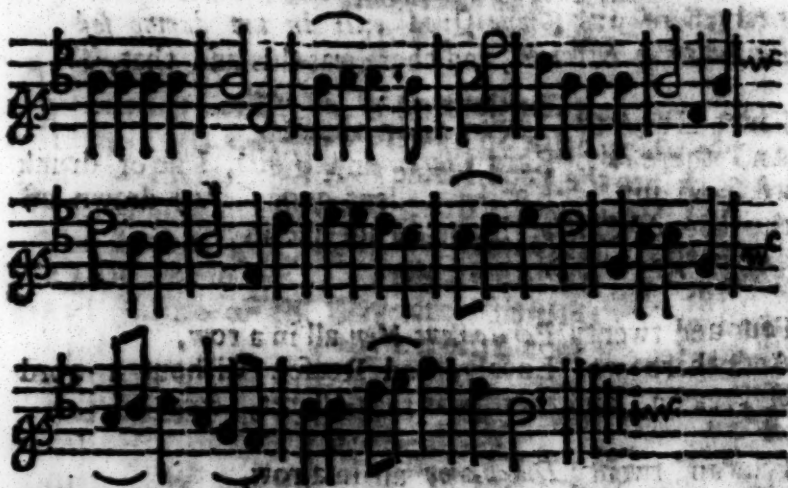
And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too;
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too,

Some

Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;
For she would have it *Cunicula*,
Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

Thus *Cummy* of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kens* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Cummy* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilst there is a Man in Nature.

A SONG.



Four and Twenty *Fiddlers* all in a row,
And there was Fiddle, fiddle, and twice Fiddle, fiddle;
Goes 'till my Lady's Birth-day,
Therefore we kept Holy-day,
And all went to be Merry.

Four and twenty *Drummers* all in a row,
And there was Tan tarra, rara, tan, tan tarra, rara,
rara, rara rar, there was Rub. &c.

Four and twenty *Tabers and Pipers* all in a row,
And there was whif and Dub, and tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty *Women* all in a row,
And there was Title Tatle, and twice Pritle Pratie;
And whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty *Singing-men* all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la; Fa la, la, la, la;
And there was Title, &c.

Four and twenty *Fencing masters* all in a row,
And this and that and down to the legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'um off, and Fa, &c.

Four and twenty *Lawyers* all in a row,
And there was *Omne Quod exit in um danno sed*.
Plus Danno Decorum, and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty *Vinners* all in a row,
And there was *Rare Claret and White*, I ne'er drunk
worse in my life, and *Excellent good Cabary* drawn off
the Lees of *Sherry*, if you do not like it.
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty *Parliament Men* all in a row,
And there was *Loyalty and Reason* without a word
of *Treason*, and there was *rare Claret*, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutch-men* all in a row,
And there was *Alter, Matier Van der Dyken, Shogen, Koper*
de Hague, Van Kottick, Van soustlick de Brille, Van Boersjeck
Van Poerstick and Souvree, Van Gingen, Pienier, Van Dams.
Rare Claret and White, &c.

A SONG



A Beggar got a Beadle,
 And a Beadle got a Yeoman;
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,
 And a Prentice got a Free-man:
 The Free-man got a Master,
 The Master got a Lease;
 The Lease made him a Gentle-man,
 And Justice of the Peace.
 The Justice being Rich,
 And Gallant in desire;
 He Merry'd with a Lady,
 And so he got a Squire:
 The Squire got a Knight,
 Of courage Bold and Stout;
 The Knight he got a Lord,
 And so it came about:
 The Lord he got an Earl,
 His Country he forsook;
 He Travell'd into Spain,
 And there he got a Duke:

The Duke he got a Prince,
 The Prince a King of hope;
 The King he got an Emperor,
 The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,
 The Pedigree did run;
 The Pope he got a Fryer,
 The Fryer he got a Nun:
 The Nun by chance did stumble,
 And on her back she sunk;
 The Fryer he fell a top of her,
 And so they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
 With whom he did inhabit;
 Who when the father died,
 The Son became Lord Abbot:
 Lord Abbot had a Maid,
 And he catch't her in the dark;
 And something he did to her,
 And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
 The Sexton a Digger;
 The Digger got a Prebend,
 The Prebend got a Vicar;
 The Vicar got an Attorney,
 The which he took in snuff;
 The Attorney got a Barrister,
 The Barrister got a ruff.

The ruff did get good Counsell,
 Good Counsell got a Fee;
 The Fee did get a Motion,
 That it might pleaded be;
 The Motion got a Judgment,
 And so it came to pass;
 A Beggars Bratt, a Scolding Knave,
 A crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD upon a Wedding.



THe Sleeping Thames one morn I crost'd;
 By two contending Charms tost;
 I landed and I found,
 By one of Neptune's juggling Tricks,
 Enchanted Thames was turn'd to Styx,
 Lambeth th' Elysian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of The Day,
 To make himself more fresh and gay,
 Had spent five Hours, and more;
 Scarce had he comb'd and curl'd his Hair,
 When out there comes a brighter Pair,
 Eclips'd him o'er and o'er.
 The dazzl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd;
 But durst not because he was hir'd

Pills to purge Melancholy.

To light the purblind Skies :

But all on earth will swear and say,

They saw no other Sun that Day,

Not Heav'n but in her face.

Her starry Eyes both warm and tame,

And her dark Brows do them enshrine,

Like Love's Triumphal Arch :

Their Firmament is Red and White,

Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,

With Image and Mark.

Her face a Civil War had bred,

Betwixt the White Rose and the Red :

Then Troops of Blunders came,

And charg'd the White with Might and main,

But stoutly were repuls'd again,

Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight,

It lasted dubious until Night,

Which word to the other yield.

At last the Armies both stood still,

And left the Bridgroom at his Will,

The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils ! which to compare,

A Throne is but a rotten Chair,

And Scepters are but sticks :

The Crown it self twere but a Bonnet,

If her Possession lay upon it.

What Prince would not here fix his

Heav'n's Master-piece, Divinest frame,

That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,

Rich Nature's utmost Seag,

The Harvest of all former years,

The past's d' grace, the future's fears,

And glory of this Age.

Thus.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

83

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight bargain there is made.

To make Him her Supreme!

The Angels search'd about her Light,

And Saints themselves had Appetite,

But I will not blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,

If He were fit for such a Task,

And could perform his Duty?

Then straight the Man put on the Ring,

The Emblem of another thing.

When strength is join'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her face invades,

And wraps it up in Saffron shades.

While thus they mingle,

And then she was oblig'd to lay,

Those Bugbear Words Love and Obedience,

But meant her own commands.

The envious Maids look round about,

To see what one would take them out.

To terminate their pains;

For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,

Yet still they value more one Loss.

Then many thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter two were call'd,

Knights of the Shooe-firing two install'd.

And all were bound by Oath

No further than the Knee to pass;

But oh! the Squire of the Body was

A better Place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,

For eating now was but a crime.

And

Pills to purge Melancholy.

And all that interpos'd ;
 For like two Duellists they stood,
 Panting for one anothers Blood,
 And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
 And many a merry *Violin*,

That Life and Soul of Leggs ;
 Th' Impatient Bridegroom wou'd not stay ;
 Good Sir, cryd they what Man can Play,
 Till he's wound up his Peggs ?

But then he dances till he reels,
 For Love and Joy had wing'd his heels,
 And puts the Hours to flight :
 He leapt and Skipt, and seem'd to fly,
 Come boys I'll drive away the Day,
 And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride with murthering Air,
 Walks round and brandishes her Dairry,
 To give the deeper Wound :
 Her beauteous Fabrick with such grace,
 Ensnarcs a Heart at every pace,
 And kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no ground,
 And slyly draws her Nets around,
 Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses :
 Then makes a Curtie with a Glance,
 And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
 That arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
 Daring of Larks over a Green,
 His fierce occasion tarry ;
 Dances about them as they fly,
 And gives them sport before they die,
 Then swoops and kills the Quarry.

Her

Pills to purge Melancholy.

89

Her Sweat like Honey-drops did fall,
And Strings of Beauty pierc'd us all,

Her Shape was so exact:
Of Wax she seemed fram'd alive:

But had her Gown to been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus Envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And stretcht the prologue to the Play,

Long kept the sluggish Watch:
At last a Voice came from above,

Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n would it retard)

A Banquet comes like the Night-Guard,
Which stay'd them half the Night:

The Bridegroom then with a Man retir'd:

The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He want his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,

So glorious was her Face:
Amaz'd he stop'd—but then, quoth He,

Tho' tis an Angel, tis a She,
And leap'd into his place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bless'd with a thousand pleasing Charms,

In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and sowing Joy,

For Beauty's Manna never cloy,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,
Thon that which had been done before,

When She her self was made;
Something was lost, which none found out,

And He that had it cou'd not shew't,
Sure tis a Jugling trade.

A SONG.



Pills at first seem'd much afraid,
 much afraid, much afraid,
 Yet when Pills'd, the loon repay'd
 Could you but see, could you but see,
 What I did more, you'd envy me,
 What I did more, you'd envy me,
 You'd envy me.

We then so sweetly were employ'd,
 The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd,
 Could you but see, could you but see,
 You'd say so too if you saw me,
 You'd say so too if you saw me,
 If you saw me.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,
 None ever could more Happy be;

Could

Pills to purge Melancholy.

89

Could you but see, could you but see,
Where I was that you'd wish to be,
Where I was that you'd wish to be,
You'd wish to be, &c.

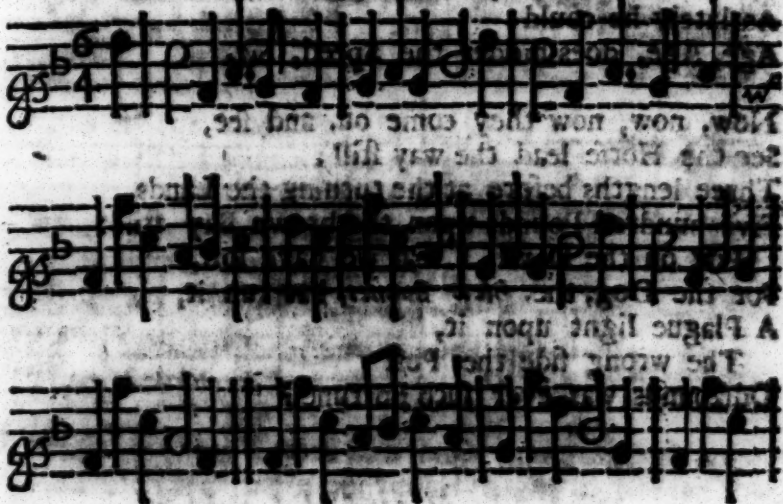
All the Delights we did express,
Yet craving more still to possess:

Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd Curse, and say, Why wast not me?
You'd Curse, and say Why wast not me?
Why wast not me? &c.

Ladies, if now to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;

But could you see, but could you see,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,
The next is me, &c.

A SONG.





TO Horfe, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, To Horfe,
 You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying;
 The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,
 I think Devil's in you for ſtaying;
 Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
 Bets may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porters.
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
 Take the odds, and then you'll be rich;

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,
 And hold a thouſand Pounds of his ſide, Sir:
Dragon would ſcower it, but *Dragon* grows old;
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
 As lately he could;
 Age, Age, does hinder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and ſee,
 See the Horſe lead the way ſtill;
 Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
 Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay ſtill:
 Pox on the Devil, I fear we have loſt,
 For the Dog, the, *Blew Bonnet*, has run it,
 A Plague light upon it,
 The wrong ſide the Poſt;
 Oddſounds, was ever ſuch Fortune?

A SONG.

He.



She.



CHORUS.



John. Come Jue, my Honey, let's to bed,
It is no Sin, since we are wed;
For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jue.

*Pills to purge Melancholy.**Fug.*

To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All Night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO.

Come on then, and couple together,
Come all, the Old and the Young,
The Short, and the Tall;
The richer than Cressus,
And poorer than Job,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
That Peoples the Globe.

John.

My Heart and all's at thy Command;
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
Yet sit fat Ewes, and one rich Cow,
I think, my *Fug.* is Wealth enow.

Fug.

A Wheel, six Platters, and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'n with blue Gallow,
My Coat, my Smok is thine, and shall
And something under best of all.

Chor. Come on then, &c.

A S O N G



From Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit,
I can remember my Mother has said,
what a delight she had to be fed,
with a Pudding.

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to tast,
What Nature or Art could make it so sweet,
For many gay Lasses about my age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage,
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen I often have seen,
Most Maids to admire it so,
That their humour and Pride is to say,
O what a delight they have for to play,
with a Pudding.

When I am among some wives that are young,
Who think they shall never give it due praise,
It is sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still,
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill,
Of a Pudding.

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,
How merry and loud their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended and they begun,
with a Pudding.

Some antient Wives, who most of their lives,
Have daily tasted of the like food,
Now for want of supplies do swear and grumble,
That still they're able enough to mumble,
at Pudding.

Now, now I find, cat will to kind,
Since all my heart and blood is on fire,
I am resolv'd what ever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want,
of a Pudding.

For

For I'll to *John* who says he has one,
 That's cram'd as close as a Cracker or Squib,
 Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
 Of the wishing desires and sweetness they get,
In a Pudding.

I thought at first, It neyer would burst,
 It was as hard as grissel or bone,
 But by the rousing and troling about,
 How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out,
Of his Pudding.

Well, since I ne'er was fed with such geer,
 Until my *John* did prove so kind,
 I made a request to prepare again,
 That I might continue in Love with the strain,
Of his Pudding.

Then straight he brought, what I little thought,
 Could ever have been in its former plight,
 He rumbl'd and jumbled me o'er and o'er,
 Till I found he had almost wasted the store,
Of his Pudding.

Then the other Mefs I beg'd him to dress,
 Which by my assistance was brought to pass,
 But by his dulness and moving so slow,
 I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low,
In his Pudding.

Though he grew cold, my stomach did hold,
 With vigor to relish the other bit,
 But all he could do could not furnish again,
 For he swore he had left little more then the skin.
Of his Pudding.

A New SONG, upon the Robin-red-breasts's
attending Queen Mary's Hearse in Westminster
Abby.



ALL You that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now dead, lament her fate;
And take a walk to Westminster,
To see her lie in State.

Amongst all other Glorious sights,
A wonder you may see,
A Bird, or something like a Bird,
Attend her Majesty.

Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flies,
Then perches o'er the Hearse;
Then strains its throat, and Sings a Note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is solemn as if Sett,
To fit some doleful Ditty;
In lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird it seems to be.
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;
Nor is there Feather'd Creatures else,
That hops, and flies, and Sings.

But

But what Bird 'twas not known, until,
One wiser than the rest;
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,
And prov'd it by his Breast.

I call it, He, not She because,
It Sings and cocks its Tail;
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
I'll hold a pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearse,
Most part of every day;
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,
Unless the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes b'ing wider much,
Than *Robin-red-breast's* throats;
Their noise must needs be loud enough,
To drown one *Robin's* Notes.

Some say this Bird and Angel is,
If so we hope 'tis good;
But why an Angel? why forsooth,
They say he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
Is true without dispute;
For though none ever saw him Eat,
Enough have seen him Mute.

And that sometimes undecently,
Upon the statue-Royal;
Which made some call him *Jacobite*,
Or otherwise illoyal.

The *Papists* say this Bird's a Fiend,
Which haunts Queen *Mary's* Ghost;
And by its restless motion shews,
How her poor soul is tost.

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry?
This rather proves the Queen at ease,
And safe from Purgatory.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor says,
This frolick Bird proclaims;
How glad all such as he would be,
To welcome home King James.

* Gadbury a
Jacobite Alma-
nack maker.

And Partridge, who can make both Shoes, Partridge a
And Almanacks to boot; Shoemaker
Says by this Bird assuredly, now makes
Some plot is still on foot. Almanacks.

For having like an Angur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight;
The Roll lies on his left hand,
And not upon the right.

A Bird once in Rome's Capitol,
Said all * things shall be well;
And why this harmless Robin should,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

* Isaac Newton
succeeded in
the Life of Do-
minion.

All we can guess, is from this Bird's
Appearing still alone;
Which represents our Kings safe safe,
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The Robin may have lost his Mate,
So hath King William his;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A S O N G.



IF Musick be the food of Love,
 Sing on, sing on, sing, on, sing on,
 Till I am fill'd, an fill'd with joy;
 For then my listning Soul you move,
 For then my listning Soul you move,
 With pleasures that can never cloy;
 Your Eyes, your Meek, your Tongue declare,
 That you are Musick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
 So fierce the transports are, they wound;
 And all my Senses feasted are,
 Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.
 Sure I must perish by your Charms,
 Unless you save me in your Arms.

A S O N G.



Damon why will you die for Love,
 Yet ne'er your flames discover?
 Be wise and soon thar pain remove,
 Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
 As in each of her fierce disdain,
 So in Love's cruel Anguish:
 He who wants Sense to beg for ease,
 Deserves, (deserves in pain, in pain,
 Deserves) in pain to Languish.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
 Like her their minds thy vary;
 Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
 With you the next She'll Marry:
 Be sure be true if She is kind,
 If cruel then forget her;
 With little pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better.

A S O N G.



You understand no tender Vows,
 Of fervent and eternal Love ;
 That Lover will his labour lose,
 Who does with sighs and tears propose,
 Your Heart to move :
 But if he talk of settling Land,
 A House in Town and Coach maintain'd,
 You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air ;
 To any Fop you will submit,
 The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citty,
 If rich they are,
 Who Guineas can may you command,
 Put Gold, and then put in your—
 You understand, you understand.

A SONG.



HOW Vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,
Cheating and Lying continually sway;
From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown,
In Plotting and Sotting they waste the day:
All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The *French* and the Wars is always the cry,
Marriage alafs is declining,
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
Ah curse of this jarring what luck have I.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring;
 I planted my snare too for one lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing:
 From the Court Province down to the dull Citts,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah pox of the *Monseur* what luck have I?

A SONG.



Since roving of late,
 Is as fatal as War;
 And no Female sinners,
 Will deel on the square;



Since

Pills to purge Melancholy.

101

Since to keep's out of fashion,
And drains the poor Cully;
While his Mifs at his cost,
Keeps some rascally Bully.

Since Mistresses sell,
And Wives buy the pleasure;
And to wed or be constant's,
The same in some measure;
As soon as I can
I will leave Fornication,
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free,
Not too proud of her means;
And tho' she writes Woman
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,
To Family duty.

Who Visits the Church,
Tho' custom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Cross Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her, with care,
Shun a contrary evil,
Left Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who, to noose
Some young *Bubble* bestows
Her whole slender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloths;

Nor an over-fond Dotard,
 Who Palls ev'ry pleasure,
 While for Bottle or Friend,
 She would leave me no leasure.

Nor one kind and gay,
 Like some, before Wedlock,
 Then a Slut and a Shrew
 When she holds me in Fetlock:
 Nor will I in haste,
 My dear liberty barter,
 Left, thinking to catch,
 I am caught by a *Tartar*.

My Mistress must Sense,
 And all Vertues admit,
 And joyn to good humour,
 Wealth, Beauty and Wit:
 With a fervent affection,
 She always must love me,
 And no Beauty but hers,
 E'er be able to move me.

Oh! such may she be,
 Who shall tempt me to Marry:
 If there is no such she,
 Till there is, I must tarry:
 And when she is found,
 I'll no more be a Rover,
 But wed her with speed,
 And, what's stranger I'll Love her.

The surpriz'd Nymph, A SONG.



THe four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year ;
A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
Did privately appear :
Hard by a River side got she,
And did Sing loud the rather ;
Cause she was sure, she was secure,
And had an intent to bath her.

With glittering glancing jealous Eyes,
She slyly looks about ;
To see if any lurking spies,
Were hid to find her out :
And being well resolv'd that none,
Cou'd see her Nakedness ;
She pull'd her Robes off one by one,
And did her self undress.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
 Her Ivory Hands unpin'd ;
 It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
 Or tempted a Saint to 'a sinn'd :
 She turn'd about and look't around,
 Quoth she I hope I'm safe ;
 Then her Rosey petty coat,
 She presently put off.

The snow-white Smock which she had on,
 Transparently to Deck her ;
 Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
 Upon an Alabaster Picture :
 Thro' which array, I did faintly spy,
 Her Belly and her back ;
 Her Limbs were straight and all was white.
 But that which shou'd be black.

Into a fluent stream she leapt,
 She lookt like Venus glass ;
 The Fishes from all quarters crept,
 To see what Angel 'twas :
 She did so like a Vision look,
 Or fancy in a Dream ;
 'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,
 And dropt in to the stream.

Each Fish did wish him self a man,
 About her all was drawn ;
 And at the sight of her began,
 To spread abroad their spawn :
 She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
 And so display'd her Banner ;
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
 He wou'd have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
 And cou'd obtain no Grace ;
 For all her prying lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret place ;

Who

Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Woe her ;
Pull'd off his Cloaths and furiously,
Did run and leap in to her.

She squeak'd, she cry'd, she down she lay'd.

He brought her up again ;

He brought her o'er upon the shore,

And then — and then — and then —

As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,

You may guess what I mean ;

Because she all uncover'd lay,

He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes, she pants and crys,

I'm utterly undone ;

If you will not be wed to me,

E'er the next morning Sun :

He answer'd her, he ne'er wou'd stir,

Out of her sight till then ;

We'll both clasp hands in wedlock bands,

Marry and to't again.

A SONG New sett by Mr. Church.



F 5

Leave

Leave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,
 And fall again to *drinking*,
 That *Beauties* that wont *sack* allow,
 Is hardly worth thy thinking,
 Dry love or *small* can never hold,
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

Deest think by turning *Anchorite*;
 Or a dull *small-Beer* sinner,
 Thy cold embraces can invite,
 Or sprightless *Courtship* win her?
 No 'tis *Canary* that inspires,
 'Tis *Sack* like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous *Fires*.

This makes thee *chant* thy *Mistress* name,
 And to the heavens raise her;
 And range this universal frame,
 For *Epithets* to praise her.
 Low liquors render brains unwitty,
 And ne'er provoke to *love*, but move to *pity*.

Then be thy self, and take thy *Glas*,
 Leave of this dry *Devotion*,
 Thou must like *N-prune* court thy lass,
 Wallowing in *Ne-Zar's* Ocean,
 Let's offer a each *Ladies* shrine,
 A full crown'd bowl, here's a health to thine.

ASONG New sett by Mr. Church.





HO boy, hay boy,
Come come away boy,
And bring me my longing desire,
A Lass that is neat and can well do the feat,
When lusty young blood is on fire.

Let her body be tall,
And her waist be small,
And her age not above eighteen,
Let her care for no bed, but here let her spread,
Her mantle upon the green.

Let her face be fair,
And her breasts be bare,
And a voice let her have that can warble,
Let her belly be soft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her bounding Buttocks be marble.

Let her have a cherry lip,
Where I *Nectar* may sip ;
Let her Eyes be as black as a flow,
Dangling locks I do love, so that those hang above,
Are the same with what grows below.

Oh such a bonny lass,
May bring wonders to pass,
And make me grow younger and younger ;
And when e'er we do part, she'll be mad at the heart,
That I am able to tarry no longer.

The Devil's Progress on Earth, or Huggle-Duggle, &c.



Frier Bacon walks again,
 And Doctor Forster too;
 Proserpine and Pluto,
 And many a Goblin more;
 With that merry Devil,
 To make the Airdg, vrowd;
 Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
 The Devil Laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he Laugh'd,
 Forsooth he came from Court;
 And there amongst the Gallants,
 Had spy'd such pretty Sport:
 There was such cunning Jugling,
 And Ladys gon so proud;
 Huggle Duggle, &c.

With

With that into the City,
Away the Devil went;
To view the Marchants Dealings;
It was his full intent,
And there along the brave Exchange,
He crept int to the croud,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
To see all there was well;
Their Scales were False, their weights were light,
their Confidence fit for Hell;
And Padders chosen Magistrates
And Puritans allowd.
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country,
Away the Devil goeth;
For there is all plain Dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth:
But the Rich man Reaps the Gains,
For which the poor man plough'd.
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in hast,
Took post away to Hell;
And call'd is fellow Furies,
And told them all on earth was well:
That falshood their did flourish,
Plain dealing was in a Cloud.
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devils laugh'd aloud..

A SONG. New Set by Mr. Church.



Cho,



Like a Ring without a finger,
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,
 Like a Horse was never ridden;
 Or a feast and no Guest bidden;
 Like a Well without a Bucket,
 Or a Rose if no man pluck it;
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
 The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
 The Feast doth please if Guest be bidden;
 The Bucket draws the water forth,
 The Rose when pluck't is still more worth;
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

Like

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight,
Like a lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,
There's Musick in the finger'd Lute;
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready:
The Freight doth make the Barque go steady:
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's useful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,
Or a Question and no answer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Myne was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a tent,
Or Silver box without a Scent:
Just Such as these may she be said,
That lives ne'er love, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The Civil answer pleaseth all:
Who riggs a Ship Sayls with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treasure find:
The wound by wholsom Tent hath ease,
The Box perfum'd the Senses please;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and no token:
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it:

Like

Like a School without a Teacher,
 Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher;
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
 The token doth adorn the Greet,
 There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
 The man rides glorious in the Moon,
 The School is by the Teacher fill'd,
 The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
 Or a thing too long deferr'd,
 Like the Gold was never try'd,
 Or the ground unoccupied;
 Like a House that's not possessed,
 Or a Book was never press'd,
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
 Due season sweetens every thing;
 The Gold that's try'd from dross is pur'd,
 There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
 The House is by possession grac'd,
 The Book well press'd is most embrac'd:
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.

A SONG.



AS I fate at my Spinning-Wheel,
 A bonny Lad there pass'd by,
 I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
 Gend Faith he had a bonny Eye;
 My Heart new panting, I gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
 As he my presence did draw near,
 And round about my slender Waste,
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd;
 To kiss my hand he durst did kneel,
 As I fate at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
 And said, there was no Lady fair,
 That ever could with me compare:
 Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd,
 But did declare his Love the more,
 Until my heart was wounded sore;
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
 And after that my Spinning Wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder Mead:
 My panting heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.

He stop'd and gaz'd and blithly said,
 Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,
 But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
 I'll learn thee better Work I trow.
 Good Faith I lik'd him passing weel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,
 And sweetly kist my Lips so soft,
 Yet still between each honey Kist,
 He urg'd me on to farther bliss;
 'Till I resistless fire did feel,
 Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
 Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
 What Damsel ever could deny,
 A Youth with such a Charming Eye,
 The pleasure I cannot reveal,
 It far surpass the spinning-wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
 And praised my Fingers long and small,
 And said, there was no baby in
 That ever could with me compare.
 Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,
 And still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

The

The Answer ; to the same Tune.

U Pon a sunshine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning blusht with Phæbus ray,
Just then ascending from the Sea,
As Silvia did a hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he esp'y'd ;
Where lovely Cloe spinning sat,
And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown,
Her rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swans her Skin :
So taking her plain dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen years,
The Swain lay sighing at her foot,
Yet still she turn'd her wheel about.

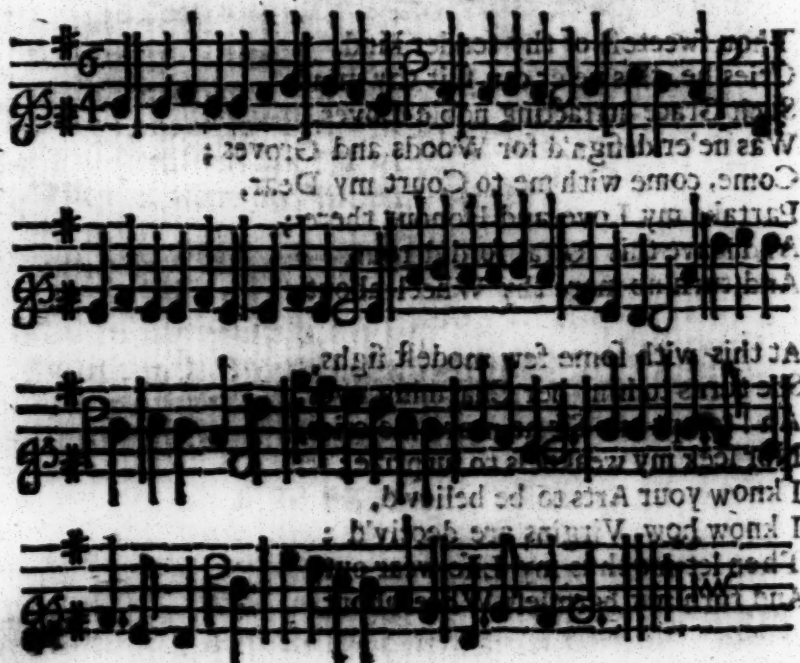
Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves ;
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there ;
And leave this Rural sordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this with some few modest sighs,
She turns to him her Charming eyes,
As if to say no more she can,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize ;
I know your Arts to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are dectiv'd :
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

By that dear painting Breast cries he,
 And yet unseen divinity;
 Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,
 I swear this cannot, must not be;
 Ah! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the Man that loves thee so;
 But go with me and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

His Cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart;
 And now she thinks it is no Sin,
 To take Loves fatal poison in;
 But, ah! too late she found her fault,
 For he her Charms had soon forgot;
 And left her e'er the year ran out,
 In tears to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG. New Set by Mr. Church.



A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came,
If as it begins our tradings do fall,
We in the Conclusion shall Beggars be all.

*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.*

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,
A Lifter my Aunt and a Beggar my self;
In white wheaten straw when their Belly's were full,
Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.

*And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.*

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our Calling, we ne'er Bind them Prentice;
Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
And give them a staff and a wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.

*And he, or shee, that a Beggar will be,
Without Indentures they shall be made free.*

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,
We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no men slayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purfes,
We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curses,

*The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,
And such a bold brazen far'd beggar am I.*

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
 We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,
 We bill all our Mates, at very low Rates,
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the gates,
 With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Teague,
 We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
*And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life more merry then be.*

For such petty pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
 We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
 But sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,
 And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
 For when in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,
 We stand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet,
*And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
 For when it is night in the barn tumbles be.*

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
 So much as to change a gold chain for a Halter,
 Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
 We commonly bear forty pieces about us;
 But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
 That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer.
*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
 I fear not the Compter, Kings Bench, nor the Fleet.*

Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
 And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,
 We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
 By the Gown Common Prayer or Cloak Directory;
 But *Simon* and *Susan* like birds of a Feather,
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
*Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lie,
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

A SONG.



I Went to the Alehouse as an honest woman shou'd,
 And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be Knaves in every degree, (wou'd,
 I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.

I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shou'd,
 And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my bed as an honest woman shou'd,
 And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honest woman shou'd,
 And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
 Knaves will be knaves in every degree,
 And thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

A SONG on a Wedding New Sett by Mr. Clark.

Now that Love's Holiday is come,
 And *Madg* the Maid bath swept the room,
 And trim'd her Spit and Pot ;
 Awake my merrv Muse and Sing,
 The Revels and that other thing,
 That must not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd 'tis said,
Clorinda broke out of her bed,
 Like *Cynthia* in her pride ;
 Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
 Compriz'd within our *Hemisphere*,
 Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
 They dress'd the Bride from top to toe !
 And brought her from her Chamber;
 Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
 More sumptuous than the live-long day,
 Or Stars enshrin'd in Amber.

The

Pills to purge Melancholy.

121

The sparkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
 Beneath her Crystal brow;
To shew like those strange accidents,
Some sudden changeable events,
 Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
 Presag'd the blustering night,
With his encircling arms and shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
 And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips those threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
 Legions of sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O! crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
 Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts, those melting *Alps* of snow;
On whose fair hills in open show,
 The *God of Love* lay napping;
Like swelling Butts of lively wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,
 To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,
 Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all so he might be,
 Lord of the Mannour there.

But

But now before I pass the line,
 Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
 And pause here in the middle ;
 The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
 With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
 The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
 He star'd as't had been half his fees
 To gaze upon her face :
 And if the spirit did not move,
 His countenance was far above
 Each sinner in the place.

With mickle fir he joyn'd their hands,
 And hamper'd them in Marriage bands,
 As fast as fast may be :
 Where still methinks, methinks, I hear
 That secret sigh in evry ear,
 Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
 And up the dishes in a train
 Came smoaking two and two ;
 With that they wip'd their Mouths and fate,
 Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
 Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
 Ralph and *Beff*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin* ;
 And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* so sweet,
 Whose cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet
 As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetch'd their freez,
And mired their stomachs quite up to the knees,
In Claret and good chear;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as luck would have it the *Parson* said grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the fist,
And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her until
The fat of her face run down like a mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the gift.

In sweat and in dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found;
'T would have made a man's arm have fray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half Bedded, like the peeping day,
Behind *Olympus* cap;
Whilst at her head each twittring Girl,
The fatal stocking quick did whirl
to know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did ruffle,
All *disappointed* in the bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a storm I can you tell,
He sav'd his other fitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a man had said,

Fair Lady have at all;
Where twist'd at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the sprightly Boy,

O !, who would fear the fall ?

Thus both with Loves sweet Tapers fired,
And thousand balmy kisses tired,

They could not wait the rest ;
But out the folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did,
There lies the Cream o' th' jest.

The Wife hater to the foregoing Tune.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him, what a kind of Life
He must be sure to lead ;
If she's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching she will need.

For where there is no path one may,
Be tir'd before he find the way ;
Nay when he's at his treasure ;
The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for entrance long may wait.
And make a foil of's pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper ;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these things are neatly drest,
They'll entertain each wanton guest,
Nor for your honour care;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withall,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game,
With a dull, fat, gross, and heavy Dame,
Your riches to encrease,
Alas she will but j-e-r your for't,
Bid you to find out better sport,
Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager——be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereal fight,
And waft thee to the bones;
Such kind of girls like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'll grind the stones.

If black, 'tis odds she's devilish proud;
If short *Zantippe* like to loud,
If long she'll lazy be,
Foolish (the proverb says) if fair;
If wise and comely danger's there,
Left she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of Money, such
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,
What worse than such a life.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell felicity,

Thy fortune's cast a way;
Thou must be sure to satisfie her
In Belly, and in Back desire,
To labour night and day.

And rather then her pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'lt *Aceon* be;
Whilst like *Aceon* thou mayest weep,
To think thou forced art to keep
All such as devour thee.

If being Noble thou dost wed,
A servile Creature basely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like horn,
Thy low descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To Scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future fortune;
But if departed they're this life,
You must be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely drest, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll of be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say her nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have terms she knows not why,
But still they keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
But stupid honesty
May teech her how to sleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree,
Too near, where's consanguinity,
Then let no kin be chosen;
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure,
To th'arms of a first Cozen,

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a Wife at second hand,
Then chuse no widow'd mother;
The first cut of that bit you love
If others had, why maint you prove,
But tast to another.

Besides if she bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them she ne'er had one,
By thee is likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

For there where other Gardner's have been sowing,
Their seed but never could find it growing,

You must expect so too ;

And where the *Terra incognita*,
So's plow'd you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak Back go.

Then trust not a Maiden face,

Nor confidence in Widows place,

Those weaker vessels may ;

Spring leak or split against a rock,

And when your fame's wrapt in a smock,

'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,

You for a time may love them all,

Call them your soul your life ;

And one by one, them undermine,

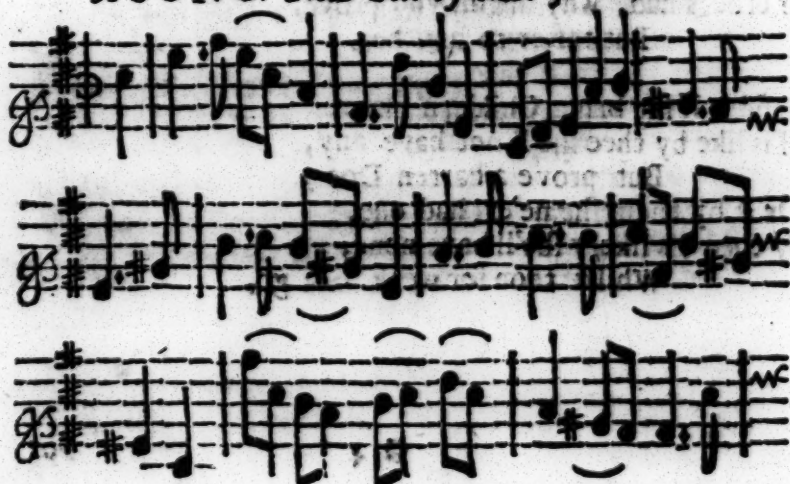
As Courtezan, or Concubine,

But never as a married Wife.

He who considers this, may end the strife,

Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. J. Clark.





IN faith 'tis true I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrown.

Those glowing char-coals set on fire,
A heart, that former flames did shun,
Who as *Heretick* unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, since it is thy fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,
Those lately entertain'd desires,
Wife men can from that plague remove;
Farewell black Eyes, and farewell fires.

If ever I my heart acquit,
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox
On all black Eyes, and swear their fit,
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

A SONG.



Tom and Will were, Shepherds Swains,
 They lov'd and liv'd together,
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
 Alas! why came she thither;
 For though they fed two several Flocks,
 They had but one desire,
Pastora's Eyes and Amber Locks,
 Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle Race,
 By Father, and by Mother,
 And *Will* was noble, but alas!
 He was a younger Brother.

Tom

Pills to purge Melancholy.

133

Tom was toylome, Will was sad,
He Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But Will the better Bowler.

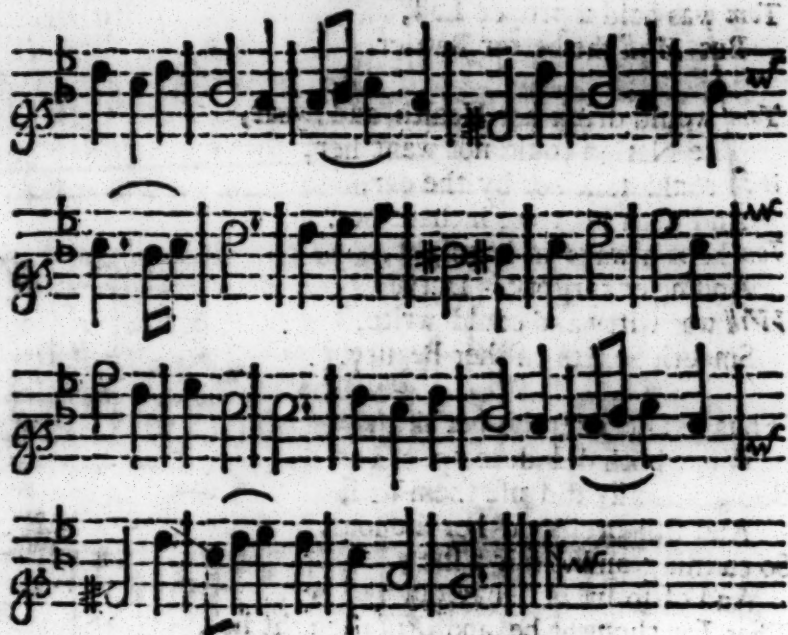
Tom would drink her Health, and swear,
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice inchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty,
Will was witty and could write,
Smooth Sonets on her Beauty.

Thus did she exercise her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her honour.
So cunning and so fair a she,
And of so sweet behaviour;
That Tom thought he, and Will thought he,
Was chiefly in her favour.

Which of those two she loved most,
Or whether she loved either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Pastor's* gone,
'T had been no Court without her,
The Queen amongst all her train had none,
Was half so fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and threw away,
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day,
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



B Right was the Morning cool was the Air,
 Serene was all the sky,
 When on the Waves I left my dear,
 The Center of my joy;
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each Rose Field did Odours spread,
 All Fragrant was the shore;
 Each River God rose from his Bed,
 And sigh'd and own'd her power:
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen,
 Her Heroe went to see,
Cilnus swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
 As much in Love as he:
Cilnus swell'd, &c.

Glide

Glide on ye waters bear these Lines,
And tell her how distress'd,
Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,
And waite 'em to her Breast,
Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,
I never shall have rest.

A SONG.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any cane ;
But now he ligs by another Lass,
And Sawney will ne'er be my love agen :
I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand ;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
 And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one;
 He kist my Breast and feign would do mere,
 Gude feth me thought he was abonny one:
 He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
 And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,
 And sigh'd and languisht to ligg by me;
 Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face,
 He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown,
 But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
 Of some lewd Quean of *London Town*:
 He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
 Whilst I poor soul sit fighting at heam,
 And near joy *Sawney* unless in a dream;
 For now he near will be my Love again.

A S O N G.



Quoth

Quoth John to Joan, wilt thou have me?
 I Prethee now will, and lfe Marry with thee:
 My Cow, my Cow, my Horse and Rents,
 Aw my Lands and Tencements:

*Say my Joan, say my Joancy, will that not do?
 I cannot, cannot, come every day to thee,*

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
 And three fat Hogs pent up in the sty;
 I have a Mare and she's coal black:
 I ride on her Tail to save her back:

Say my Joan, &c.

I have a Cheese upon the shelf,
 I cannot eat it all my self;
 I have three gude Marks that lie in a rag,
 In the nook the Chimney instead of a bag:

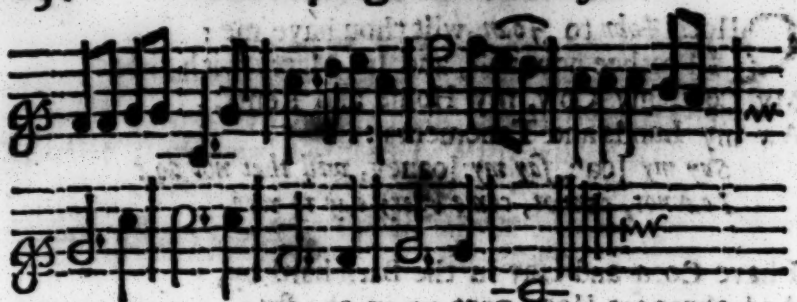
Say my Joan, &c.

To marry I would have thy consent,
 But faith I never could Complement;
 I can say nought but hoy gee ho,
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:

Say my Joan, &c.

St. George for England.





Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?
 We know how many men have perform'd fights;
 Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,
 Or *Sir Tristram du Leon* that fought for the Ladies sake?
 Read old stories and there you'll see,
 How *St. George*, *St. George*, did make the Dragon flee,
St. George, he was for *England*, *St. Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing Honi Soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell;
 And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excell,
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a field did fight;
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight;
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build;
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd:
St. George he was, &c.

Jephtha and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
 The *Gibonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight,
Hercules's Labour was in the Vale of Brass,
 And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,
 And when he was blind pull'd the temple to the ground:
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. George he was, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pipin's* blood,
Alfred and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good;
 The four sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux and *Godfrey de Bolaigue*,
 These were all *French* Knights the *Pagans* did convert,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart.
St. George he was, &c.

Hen.

Henry the fifth he Conquer'd all France,
He quarter'd their Arms his honour to advance,
He razed their Walls and pull'd their Cities down,
And garnish'd his head with a double triple Crown;
He thump'd the French and after home he came!
But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. George he was, &c.

St. David you know, loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
And Jason was the man brought home the Golden-Fleece ;
St. Patrick you know he was St. George's Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him away ;
For which Knavish act a slave he doth remain :
But St. George St. George, he hath the Dragon slain ,
St. George he was, &c.

Tamberlane the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town ;
Scanderbeg Magnanimous *Mahomet's* *Bashaws* dread,
Whose Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead ;
His *Beglerbeys*, he scorns like dregs, *George* *Castriot* was
[he call'd,
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.]
St. George he was, &c.

Citoman the Tartar he came of *Persia's* race,
 The great *Mogul*, with his Chefts so full of Cloves and
 [Mace,
 The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* he manly did bestride,
 But those with all their worthies Nine, *St. George* did
 [them deride;
Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweedlands* Warlike King,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* pull'd forth the Dragons sting.
St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon and Cadwalladar of Britisſh, blood do boast,
Tho' *John of Gant* his foes did daunt, *St George* ſhall rule;

[the roſt ;

Agamemnon and Cleomedon and Macedon did feats,
But compar'd to our Champion they were but merely

[cheats ;

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkiſh* fights, their brandiſht
[Swords outdrew ;

But *St. George* met the Dragon and ran him through and
[through.

St. George he was, &c.

Bideā the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,
As fierce, as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Jew* ;
The potent *Holoſphernes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wiſe *Judiſh* and ſubtilly ſtole away his head ;
Brave *Cyclops* ſtout, with *Jove* he fought, although he
[thow'd down thunder,
But *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a won-
[der !

St. George he was, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt's*
[Queen,
Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was never ſeen,
Grim Gorgon's might, was known in fight, old *Bevis* moſt
[men frighted.

The *Myrmidons*, and *Preſter Johns*, why were not theſe
[men Knighted ?

Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Naffau* did it recover,
But *St. George*, *St. George* he turn'd the Dragon over and
[over ;

St. George he was for *England*, *St. Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing Hong Toi qui mal y penſe.

*Old England turn'd New, to the Tune of the
Black-smith, Page 28.*

YOU talk of *New England*, I truly believe,
Old *England* is grown *New*, and doth us deceive;
I'll ask you a question or two by your leave;
And is not old *England* grown *New*?

Where are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars,
They never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars?
And is not old *England*, &c.

New Captains are made that never did fight,
But with pots in the day, and punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care is to keep their Swords bright;
And is not old, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bowes,
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd blows?
They are turn'd to Stilleto's with other fair Shows:
And is not, &c.

Where are your old Countiers that used to ride,
With Forty Blew-coats and Foot-men beside?
They are turn'd to Six Horses, a Coach with a guide:
And is not, &c.

And what is become of our old *English* Cloaths,
Your long sleev'd Doublet and your trunk Hose?
They are turn'd to French fashions, and other gewgaws:
And is not, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor some half a year together,
To fit a New Suit to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather:
And is not, &c.

We

We have New fashion'd Beards, and New fashion'd Locks,
And new fashion'd Hats, for your New pated Blocks,
And more New Diseases, besides the French P O X;
And is not, &c.

New Houses are built, and old ones pulled down;
Untill the New Houses, sell all the old ground;
And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound;
And is not, &c.

New fashions in House, New fashions at Table;
Old servants discharg'd, and New not solable, heaven yield
And all good Old custom is now but a Fable;
And is not, &c.

New Trickings, New Goings, New Measures, New Paces;
New Heads for Men, for your Women New Faces;
And twenty New tricks to mend their bad Cases;
And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls;
New Bodies they have, they look for New Souls;
When the Money is paid for building Old Pauls;
And is not, &c.

Then talk no more of New England;
New England is where old England did stand,
New furnish'd, New Fashion'd, New Woman'd, New;
And is not, &c.

To the Tune of the Black-Smith, Page 28.

ILL tell you a story if it be true,
But look you to that, I am sure it is New,
And only in Salisbury known to a few,
Which no body can deny.

Some

Pills to purge Melancholy.

141

Some Sages have written as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monstrous kind,
To Friends and Relations left behind,
Which, &c.

That this is no tale I shall you tell,
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well,
Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a thicket he heard a sound of much Woe,
Which, &c.

It was a Lady that wept, and her weeping,
Made *Satan* go from listening to peeping,
Quoth he what slave hath this Lady in keeping;
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she if of Woman you came,
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same,
Quoth the Devil be quick in your story *fair dame.*
Which, &c.

Quoth she I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but appear, I shou'd change his mind,
Which, &c.

Fair Dame quoth the Devil are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints,
Which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweet hearts she had,
How many was good, and how many were bad,
The Devil began to think her stark mad,
Which, &c.

And

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,
Beelzebub scratch't and was in great trouble,
 For he thought it would prove a two hours *Bubble*.
Which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
 She caught him fast by the lilly black fist,
 Nay then quoth the Devil e'en do what you list.
Which, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
 And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
 Then snap went the Lock and the Candles burnt blue.
Which, &c.

Quoth she will you give my Children their land?
 Her Husband did sweat, you must understand,
 For he did not think her so near at hand,
Which, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
 Quoth he you Jade come again in this place,
 And *Faustus*, his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
 She sought other ways his Mind to controul,
 So she went to a Maid, a very good soul.
Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
 Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done;
 I'll do it although you'd have me a Nun.
Which, &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
 Unto my two Children, or else by this light,
 I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
I'll sit on his Bed and read him such Lessons,
As never were heard at Mr. Mompeffons.
Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which he replied, I care not a T—
Which, &c.

For when she was incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she consider my plight,
I am not able to keep out right,
Three waking Ministers every night,
Which, &c.

When the Gentleman hear'd her Ditty so sad,
Compassion Straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.
Which, &c.

When the land as I said was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the spirit with a tuneable Voice.
Which, &c.

A SONG.



HOW Happy's the mortal,
 That lives by his Mill,
 That depends on his own,
 Not on fortune's Wheel;
 By the slight of his Hand,
 And the strength of his Back,
 How merrily, how merrily,
 His mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
How, &c.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
 As too often 'tis seen,
 For she may be a Scold,
 Sing God bless the Queen;
 With his Hand to the Mill,
 And his Shoulder to the Sack,
 He drowns all the discord,
 In his Musical *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
He, &c.

O'er your Wives and your Daughters,
 He often prevails,
 By sticking a Cog of a Foot,
 In their tails;
 Whilst the Hoyden so willingly,
 He laies upon her back,
 And all the while he sticks it in,
 The stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
And &c.

The Angler's SONG to the Tune, My Father
was born before me, Page 57.

O F all the recreations which
 Attend on Human Nature,
 There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
 Or is of such a stature,
 As is the subtle Angler's life,
 In all mens Approbation;
 For Anglers tricks do daily mix
 In every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in love,
 And had no cause of Jangling;
 The Devil did the Waters move,
 The Serpent went to Angling:
 He bates his Hook with Godlike look;
 Thought He this will entangle her;
 By this all ye may plainly see,
 That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physitians, Lawyers, and divines,
 Are all most neat entanglers;
 And he that looks find will in fine
 That most of them are Anglers:
 Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
 Physitians like Curmudgeons;
 They bait with Health, and fish for Wealth,
 And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon th'Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
 Meets many a neet entangler;
 'Mongst Merchant Men, there's not one in ten,
 But what is a cunning Angler:
 For like the Fishes in the brook,
 Brother doth swallow Brother;
 There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
 And they fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
 He's a formal Man in Black Sir ;
 He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
 And cries what is't you lack Sir :
 Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
 But if a Courtier prove th'entangler ;
 My Citizen he must look to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such Angling as a Wench,
 Stark naked in the Water ;
 She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
 And throw your self in after :
 Your Hook and Line she will confine,
 Thus tangled is th'entangler ;
 And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,
 Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ners soul,
 Cast in a Rich young Gallant ;
 To take a Courtier by the Pole,
 Throw in a Golden Tallent :
 But yet I fear the draught will ne'er
 Compound for half the charge an't ;
 But if you'll catch the Devil at stratch,
 You must Bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus have I made my Anglers Trade,
 To stand above defiance ;
 For like the Mathematick Art,
 It Runs through every Science :
 If with my Angling Song I can
 To Mirth and Pleasure seize you ;
 I'll bait my Hook with Wit again
 And Angle still to please you.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

147

The Cavaliers SONG.



HE that is a Cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Substance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

H 2

For-

he

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Fortune is a lass
 Will embrace
 And soon destroy;
 Free born,
 In libertie
 We'll ever be,
 Singing *vive le roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
 And Fortune is a whore,
 There's none but fools and knaves regard her
 Or her power implore.

He that is a trusty Roger
 And hath serv'd his King,
 Although he be a tatter'd Souldier,
 Yet he will skip and Sing,
 Whilst he that fights for love,
 May in the way of Honour prove,
 And they that make sport of us,
 May come short of us:
 Fate will flatter them,
 And will scatter them,
 Whilst the Royalty,
 Looks upon Loyalty,
 We that live peaceably,
 May be successfully,
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real honest man
 May be utterly undone,
 To show his allegiance,
 His love and obedience,
 But that will raise him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 And we'll praise him,
 Whilst the fine Courtier dine,
 With his full bowls of wine,
 Honour will nake him fast,

Freely

Freely let's be then
Honest men,
And kick at fate,
We
May live to see
Our Loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a word or a sword,
'Gainst the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though Plummers, Painters, and players,
Be the prosperous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs,
When we come to't agen,
Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And leachery lin'd with furr;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la guerre*;
But what is that to us boys!

That now are honest men?
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers
Dub a dub dub; Have at old *Belzebub*;
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fift- Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town,
We'll rally and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar ar*,
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

*A Parly, between two West-Countrymen on sight
of a Wedding.*



I Tell the Dick where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
O things beyound compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or Fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way
Where we (thou knowst) do sell our hay,
There is a House with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down,
Such Voulk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pestilent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him :
The King (God blest him) 'twould undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At *course-a-Park* without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out

By ,

Pills to purge Melancholy.

151

By all the Maids i'th' Town ;
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what ; the youth was going
To make an end of his own wooing,

The Parson for him stay'd :
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much with all haste
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a Maid no Whitson-Ale

Could ever yet produce :
No grope that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,

It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just),
about our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear the light :

But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do it in sight ;
And then she look't as who would say,

I will do what I list to day ;
And you shall do't at Night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes comparison
(Who see's them is undone :)

For streaks of red were mingled there ;
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin :
(Some Bee had stung it newly :)
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin
The Parson himself had guilty been ;
(She lookt that day so purely)
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him sorely.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's *that* that would be thought upon
(I trow) beside the bride ;
The business of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each Serving man with dish in hand

March boldly up like our Train-band,
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Health first go round, and then the House;
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O'th sudden tip they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all was stoln aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride;
But that he must not know:
But 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind.
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay
Like new-fallen snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say
God B'w'y! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;
 For had he left the women to't ;
 It woud have cost two Hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
 All that they had not done they do ;
 What that is, you can tell ;
 But I believe it was no more,
 Then thou and I have done before
 With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

*Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre-Tavern in
 Cambridge, or the Sinking thereof into the Cel-
 lar. By Mr. Tho. Randolph. To the Tune
 of My Father was born before, Page 57.*

Lament, Lament you Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest gown,
 The *Mitre* that held up your wits,
 Is now it self faln down :
 The dismal Fire on *London-Bridge*
 Could move no heart of mine,
 For that but o're the water flood,
 But this flood o'er the *Wine*.

It needs must melt each Christian heart,
 That this sad News but hears ;
 To see how the poor *Hogheads* wept,
 Good Sack and Claret Tears,
 The Zealous students of that place,
 Change of Religion fear,
 Lest this mischance bring in
 The heresie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know,
The cause of thy sad hap ;
Came it by making Legs too low,
To *Pembrook's* Cardinal's Cap ?
Hence know thy self and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
The Cap should veil to thee for now
The *Mitre's* next the Crown.

Or was't because our company ,
Did not frequent thy Cell ;
As we were want to drown those cares
Thou fox't thy self and fell ?

No sure the Devil was a Dry
And caus'd that fatal blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,
Cause he would drink up all ;
But I rather think the Pope was drink,
And let the *Mitre* fall.

But *Rose* now whither, *Falcon* mew,
Whilst *Sam* enjoys his wishes ;
The *Dolphin* too must cast her Crown,
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That sign a Tavern best becomes,
That shews who loves Wine best ;
The *Mitre's* then the only sign,
For 'tis the Scholars crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy heart,
Be not dismay'd at all ;
For we will drink it up again,
Though our selves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spite of Bugbear Proctors ;
We drank like freshmen all before,
But now we'll drink like Doctors.

SONG, To the Tune of the Black-smith,

Page 28.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
 'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
 I'll tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't.
 On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
 'Tis *nothing* I court yet *nothing* I slight,
 Nor care I a pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and Men,
 Did start out of *nothing* a Chaos, a Den;
 And all things shall turn into *nothing* again.
 'Tis *nothing* some times that makes many things hit,
 As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit,
 A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a Wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing,
 This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
 And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*.
 Your lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,
 And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
 Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience, and Purse is decay'd,
 He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
 But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a maid.
 Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,
 Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit,
 'Tis litle or *nothing* to what has been writ.

When first by the Bars we together did fall,
 Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
 From *nothing* it came and to *nothing* it shall.
 That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
 Who made our three Kingdoms, & Churches lie waste,
 Their project and all came to *nothing* at last.

They

They raised an Army of Horse and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root,
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Alter and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by fathing and troathing,
At last he was catcht and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant man is the freest from foes;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can lay to an action of slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though he conquer'd the world & gave mankind the rout
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out,
Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from low-thing,
By Brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In seven years space was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers heir*) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with Purple Cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher and that stands for *nothing*;
If King-killers bold are excused from bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson* that lately did crawl,
o lofty degree from a low Coblers stall,
Did bring all to *nothing* when *Awl* came to *Awl*.

You

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate Cloathing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,
At the General Barr will have *nothing* to say,
Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd
Thus Courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of Wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,
Cause then 'twas with him as now it's with you,
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This very word *nothing* if took the right way,
May prove advantageous for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife, New Set by Mr. Ackeroy'd.



The Cautious Drinker, New Set by Mr. Ackeroy'd.

MY Masters and Friends, who ever intends,
 To trouble this Room with Discourse;
 You that sit by are as guilty as I,
 Be your talk the better or worse:
 Now least you should prate of matters of state,
 Or any thing else that might hurt us;
 We rather will drink off our cups to the brink,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,
 That's not a pin here or there;
 Yet take this advice, be both merry and wise,
 Ye know not what Creatures be near:
 Or suppose that some sot, should lurk in this pot,
 To scatter out words that might hurt us;
 To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot out,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If

If any man here be in bodily fear,
Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her a-loof,
Here's Liquor will make a man speak:
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

He that rails at the times, in prose or in rimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
Sings Prophecies strange, and threatens some change,
And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:
He is but a Rayler or Prophecying Taylor,
To scatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and Sing Catches,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal,
His secret thoughts when he howles;
He is but a Widgeon that talk of Religion,
In Taverns or in tipling houses:
It is not for us such things to discourse,
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
But let's begin a new health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A-midst of our Bliss 'twill not be a mis,
To talk of our going home late;
If Constable Kite or a Pis-pot at night,
Should chance to be spilt on our pate:
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
'Twere better to trudge home to honest kind *Foal*;
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Old Simon the King.



IN a humour I was late,
 As many good fellows be;
 To think of no matters of State,
 But seek for good company
 That best contented me,
 I travail'd up and down,
 No company I could find,
 Till I came to the Sight of the Crown;
 My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
 The Maid was ill at ease,
 The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps,
 They were all of one disease,
 Says Old *Simon the King*,

Considering in my mind,
 And thus I began to think,
 If a man be full to the Throat
 And cannot take off his drink
 And if his drink will not down,
 He may hang himself for shame,
 So may the Tapster at the Crown,
 Whereupon this reason I frame;
 Drink will make a man Drunk,
 And Drunk will make a man dry;
 Dry will make a man sick,
 And Sick will make a man Die,
 Says Old *Simon the King*.

If a Man should be drunk to night,
 And laid in his grave to morrow,

Will .

Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man sing;
Singing will make a man laugh,
And Laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry.
Dear brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then strait this tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Can,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was spay'd
What did he swear or rail;
No truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old Simon the King.

So Fellows if you'll be Drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a Punk,
Or play at In and In;
For drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician:
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never Piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Laff,
Must never cry Oh my head, oh!
Says Old Simon the King.

*The Gelding of the Devil, by Dick the Baker of
Mansfield Town.*



Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And *Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,*
To *Manchester* market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This *Baker* rid on with a merry chear:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Because his stones were cut away.
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.

Go, tie thy Horse unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The Baker had a knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of stones:
The Baker being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devil's stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same day sevensnight.
The Baker hearing the words he said,
Within his heart was sore afraid,
He hied him to the next market town,
To sell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day,
The Baker went home another way,
Unto his wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous word I hard him say,
He would geld me next market day;
Therefore, wife, I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
Then for to lose any manner of stone,
For why 'twill be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding; Thus

Thus they continu'd both in fear,
 Until the next market day drew near.
 Well quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
 Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
 And I like a man to the Market will go:
 Then up she got her all in haste,
 With all her bread upon her beast;
 And when she came to the hill side,
 There she saw two Devils abide,
 A little Devil and another,
 Lay playing under the hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil without any fain,
 Yonder comes the Baker again;
 Beeft thou well Baker, or beeft thou wo,
 I mean to geld the before thou dost go,
 These were the words the Woman did say,
 Good Sir I was gelded but yesterday;
 Oh quoth the the Devil that I will see,
 And he pluckt her cloths above her knee.

And looking upward from the ground,
 There he spyed a greivous wound:
 Oh (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
 For he was not cuning that gelded thee,
 For when he had cut away the stones clean,
 He should have sowed up the hole again;
 He called the litle Devil to him anon,
 And bid him look to that same man.

Whilst he went into some private place,
 To fetch some salve in a little space,
 The great Devil was gone but a little way,
 But upon her belly there crept a flea;
 The little Devil soon spied that,
 He up with his paw and gave her a pat:
 With that the Woman began to start,
 And out she thrust a most horrible fart. Whoop!

Pills to purge Melancholy.

167

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,

For here's another hole broke by my fay;
The great Devil he came running in haft,
Within his heart was sore aghaft.

Fough quoth the Devil thou art not sound,
Thou stinkest so fore above the ground.

Thy life days sure cannot be long,

Thy breath it fumes so wondrous strong.

The hole is cut so near the Bone,

There is no salve can stick thereon,

And therefore *Baker* I stand in doubt,

That all thy Bowels will fall out:

Therefore *Baker* hie thee away,

And in this place no longer stay.

A S O N G, *Sung in the last Reviv'd Comedy*
Call'd The Virtuouse Wife, Acted at the Theatre
Royal. The Words by Mr. D'Urfey: Set by
Mr. Tollot.





THe Sages of old, and old men of old,
In Prophecy hold,
The cause of a Nations undoing;

But the true *English* breed,
No Prophets do need,
For each man here seeks his own ruin,
By grumbling and Jars,
We promote civil Wars;
And Preach up false Tenets to many,
We snarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his Friend;
And a Miss that can Wittily prattle:
That delights not in Blood,
But draws when he shou'd:
And bravely ne'er shrinks from a Battle;
That rails not at Kings,
Nor at Politick things;
Nor Treason does speak when he's mellow,
But takes a full Glass,
To his Master's success,
This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

*To a Friend who desired no more than to admire
the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.*



THo' *Sylvia's* Eyes a flame could raise,
More fit for wonder than for praise;
And tho' her wit were clear and high,
That 'twere resitless as her Eye;
Yet without Love she still shall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove
A cause sufficient for their Love,
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their sore:
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,
They take it not for gift, but debt,

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind;
Nor would the pleasure of it be
So often in obscurity:

No, to know Joys each sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of Sight.

The gods, who knew the noblest part
In Love, sought not the Mind but heart;
And when hit by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

I'll rather my affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,
Than cast away an hour of Care
On any 'cause she's only fair:
Nay, sleep more pleasing Dreams do move
Than are your waking ones of Love.

The Frensie's less love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure;
Yet you do both, aiming no higher
Than for to see, and to admire,
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

Had there in *Silvia* nothing shin'd,
But the unseen Charms of her Mind,
You would have had the like esteem
For her that I have still for them:
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Then make those only your desire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove
'Tis not her mind alone you love;
Let her 't wixt us her self impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
As little cause then you will find
As I do now, to Love her Mind.

Celia's Complaint.

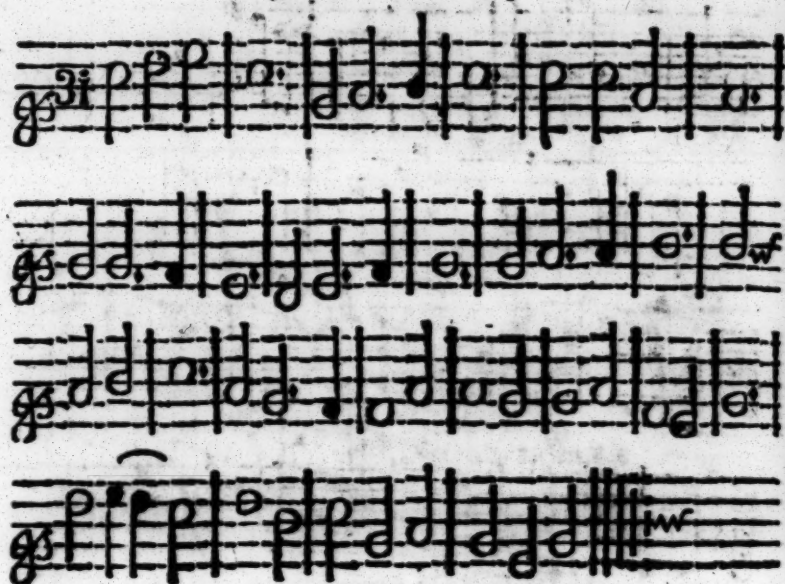


Poor *Celia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching Eye she had;
 Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
 Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;
 Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
 And on her Breast ten Thousand (Thousand) Cupids lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
 From Seventeen to Twenty one;
 Each told her of his mighty flame,
 But she forsooth affected none:
 One was not Handsom, th' other was not Fine;
 This of Tabaco smelt, and that of Wine.

But t' other day it was my fate
 To walk along that way alone;
 I saw no Coach before her gate,
 But at her door I heard her moan;
 She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

Amyntor's Welladay.



Chloris now thou art fled away,
 Amyntor's sheep are gone astray;
 And all the joy he took to see,
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,
 Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
 Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay.)

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise
 Was wont to play such roundelays,
 Is thrown away, and not a swain
 Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
 'Tis death for any now to say
 One word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet
 So roundly did in measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no content
 Comes near Amyntor since you went,
 All that I ever heard him say
 was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

173

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread
He ever since hath laid his head;
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grafs will grow;
O *Chloris*! *Chloris*! come away,
And hear *Amyntor's* welladay.

A Lady to a young Courtier.



L Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I;
I've somewhat else to doe:
Alas! you must go learn to talk,
Before you learn to wooe.
Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to Court,
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Sport?
Ha! ha! who will not jeer thee for't!

Ne'er look so sweetly, Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Hand,
We know you trim your borrow'd Curle
To shew your pretty Hand;
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practise how to jeer,
 And think each word a Jest,
 That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out
 To think when finely drest,
 You please me or the Ladies best.

And why so confident!
 Because that lately we
 Have brought another lofty word,
 Unto our pedigree?
 Your infide seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;
 'T marry there's a Wit
 Who cares not what he says or swears
 So Ladies laugh at it;
 Who can deny such blades abit?

A description of Chloris.



HAVE you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
From fair *Aurora's* bosom run?
Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,
The Essences of white and red?
Then you may boast, for you have seen,
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Hove you e'er heard the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have you e'er smelt that Chymick skill
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that sacrifice
The Phænix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever tast that meat
Which Poets say that Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

Amyntor's Dream.



AS sad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
 Slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay,
 A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes,
 Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys ;
Chloris where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled,
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Heark! how the Winds conspire with storm and rain,
 To stop her course, and beat her back again :
 Heark! how the heavens chide her in her way,
 For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy :
 And yet she comes not *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
 And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Come

Pills to purge Melancholy.

177

Come, *Chloris*, come, see where *Amyntor* lies,
Just as you left him, but with sadde Eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me
That Lovers may record thy Constancy;
O! no, she will not, *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

O! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly
Into her bosom, take my leave, and die:
What comfort have I now ith' world since she
That was my world of joy is gone from me,
My Love, my *Chloris*? *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

Awake *Amyntor* from this dream, for she
Hath too much goodness to be false to thee:
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears,
No, no, *Amyntor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return into thy longing Bed.

A SONG.





Calm was the Ev'ning and clear the Sky,
 And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;
 When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing.
 I sat and he laid him down by me,
 And scarcely his breath he could draw;
 But when with a fear he began to come near,
 He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He b'ush'd to himself and laid still for a while,
 His modesty curb'd his desire;
 But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire:
 Ah, *Silvius* said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe,
 Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast
 But was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case;
 I whisper'd him softly there's no body near,
 And laid my cheek close to his face:
 But as we grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw;
 And straight as our bliss began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

A SONG.



Thus all our lives long we're frolick and gay,
 And instead of Court Revels we merrily play,
 At Trap and Kettles, at Barly-break run,
 At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
 These innocent sports, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads we give a green gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry;
 The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
 And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass:
And when we have done, &c.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd; Out

Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
 To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
 What others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;
 With our Sweet-hearts we daily so long till we find
 Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind.

And when we have done we laugh and lye down,

And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

A SONG.



Where ever I am, or what ever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in mind ;
 When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find ;
 Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more ;
 Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind :
 Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my breast,
 And the Love I would stifle is shown :
 But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
 Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;
 But alas ! when I wake and no *Phillis* I find,
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain ;
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again :
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd ;
 And envy no Monarch his reign,
 And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love ;
 And she too well knows her own pow'r :
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom Prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r :
 Than ever be freed from her power :

A SONG.



How unhappy a Lover am I,
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain:
 All my hopes of delight are another Man's right;
 Who is happy whilst I am in pain;
 Since her honour affords no relief,
 But to pity the pains which you bear;
 'Tis the best of your fate; in a hopeless estate,
 To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
 Yet I wish what I hope not to win:
 From without my desire has no food to its fire,
 But it burns and consumes me within.

Yet

Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death;
To be pitied by her when I die.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her Love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the Souls do meet closer above.

A SONG.



As

AS I walk'd in the Woods, one Ev'ning of late,
 A Lass was deploring her hapless estate;
 In a languishing posture, poor Maide, she appears,
 All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with her Tears,
 She Cry'd and she Sob'd and I found it was all,
 For a little of that which *Harry gave Doll*.

At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
 Will not Youth come succour a languishing Maid,
 With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
 Without which, alas, poor I cannot live!
 Shall I never leave sighing, and crying and call,
 For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young man in the place,
 My colour would fade and then flush in my face:
 My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 My breast never popp'd up and down so before:
 I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
 For a little of that, &c.

A SONG.





Beneath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and freight my Love before me brought,
*Pill*is the Object of my waking thought ;
Undrest she came, my flames to meet ;
Whilst Love strew'd flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

From the bright Visions head,
A careless veil of Lawn was loosely spread ;
From her white Temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair ;
Her Hands, Her Lips tld Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my heart did fire ;
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with desire.

Ah ! charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made,
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me ;
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;
 Faintly she spoke me thought for all the while
 She bid me not believe her with a smile.
 Then die said I, she still deny'd
 And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd;
 You use a harmless Maid! and so she dy'd.

I wak't and straight I knew,
 I Lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true:
 Fancy the kinder Mistriss of the two,
 Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do,
 Ah, cruel Nymph cease your disdain,
 While I can dream you scorn in vain,
 Asleep, or waking you must ease my pain.

A SONG.



MEthinks the poor Town has been troubled so long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By fools who at once, can both love and despair;
And will never leave calling them cruel and Fair,
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
The truth that I know of my Bonny Black *Bess*.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her
[Waist,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is soft not a word of the rest;
But I know what I mean when I drink to the best.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord—s Drums.

But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisse, and trip in her pace:
And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if she would die.

A SONG.



O The time that is past,
 When she held me so fast;
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last;
 When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,
 To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
 With such trembling and hast,
 As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd;
 My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
 While my mind was in search of hid treasure imploy'd.

My Heart set on fire,
 With the flames of desire;
 I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
 But she cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill mind,
 Pray *Anymas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Anymas*, she crys,
 Then casts down her eyes;
 And in Kisses she gives what in Words she denies:
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
 Till her free consent had more sweetned the prey.

But

Pills to purge Melancholy.

189

But too late I begun.

For her passion was done ;

Now *Amyntas*, she crys, I will never be won :

Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,

For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.

Dorinda Lamenting the loss of her Amyntas.



A

A Dieu to the Pleasures and follies of Love,
 For a Passion more Noble my Fancy does move;
 My shepherd is Dead, and I live to proclaim,
 In sorrowful Notes, my *Aminas* his Name:
 The Wood Nymphs reply, when they hear me com-
 Thou never shalt see thy *Aminas* again: (plain,
 For Death has befriended him,
 Fate has defended him;
 None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
 Come help me to sing forth *Aminas* his praise;
 No swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,
 So sweet were his Notes while he sang to his Lute:
 Then come to his grave, and your kindness pursue,
 To weave him a Garland of Cypress and Yew:
 For life hath forsaken him,
 Death hath overtaken him;
 No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,
 I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,
 You Echoes, and Fountains my witnesses prove,
 How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love:
 And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
 This favour I never will cease to Implore;
 That now I may go above,
 And there enjoy my Love;
 Then, Then, I never will part with him more.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

191

The Town Gallant.



L Et us Drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoyce,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;

The

The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
 All treasures uncertain, then down with your dust :
 In frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
 For we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kifs and be free with *Moll*, *Beny*, and *Nelly*,
 Have Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly ;
 Fish Dinners will make a Lais spring like a Flea,
 Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea.
 With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it a Hundred years hence.

Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her
 That her Honesty sells for a Hogs of Honour ; (dor,
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splen-
 That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her.
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty ;
 Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,
 The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three,
 His wit and his wealth, his learning and sense,
 Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by subtilty thrives,
 In spinning out Suits to the length of three lives ;
 Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knav'ry.
 May boast of subtilty in th' Present Tense,
 But *Non est inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquillity to sighs and Tears ;
 Let's eat, drink and play, till the Worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain that *post mortem nulla Voluptas*.
 Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence
 Have Broods to succeed us a Hundred years hence.

A SONG.



Let's Love and let's Laugh,
Let's Dance and let's Sing,
While shrill Echoes ring;
Our Wishes agree,
And from Care we are free;
Then who is so happy, so happy as we?

We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lass,
And follow the Chase?
When weary we be,
We'll sleep under a Tree;
Then who his so happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Knee
To decieve us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be,
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.

A SONG.



L Et the daring Advent'ers be toss'd on the Main,
 And for Riches no danger decline;
 Tho' with hazard the spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 They can bring us no treasure like Wine:
 Tho' with hazard the spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 They can bring us no treasure like Wine.

Enough of such wealth would a Beggar enrich,
 And supply great wants in a King:
 'Twould smoothe all the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,
 And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
 'Twould smoothe, &c.

There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
 If this Sovereign Baisom he gains.
 This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
 And of Rags and diseases in Chains.
 This will make, &c.

It

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple flood.
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind :
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on earth 'tis a power that's Divine :
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.

A S O N G.



K 2

Pt.

P *Astora's* Beauties when unblown,
 E're yet the tender Bud did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Pow'r I did perceive.
 How often in the dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in sleep,
 Have I thought this my chief delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to weep?

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white,
 No Letter yet did ever stain :
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair *Pastora* here must Reign.
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove
 Thy Love to be of noblest Race ;
 Which took its flight so far above
 All Humane things, on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise ;
 A Love that was infus'd by you ;
 You gave Breath to its Infant sighs,
 And all its Griefs that did ensue.
 The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ;
 Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
 And take away the tort'ring pain.

A S O N G.





Hail to the Myrtle shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field ;
 Kings will not here invade,
 Tho' Vertue all freedom yields,
 Beauty here opens her arms,
 To soften the languishing Mind ;
 And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms :
 Ah *Phillis* ! ah ! why so kind ?

Phillis the Soul of Love,
 The Joy of Neighbouring Swains ;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves,
 And *Phillis*, that gilds the Plains :
Phillis that ne'er had the skill,
 To Paint or to Patch, or be fine ;
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,
 Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whose charming Tongue,
 Makes Labour and Pain a delight ;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
 And shortens the livelong night :
Phillis Whose lips like May,
 Sill laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Where Love never knew decay,
 But sets with eternal Spring.

The Claret Bottle.

A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
 What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State ?
 Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions and Fears ;
 Let 'em Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears :
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their
 (Ease,
 And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mals;
 At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
 A Friend and a Bottle is all my design,
 H'as no room for treason that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as his Majesty please ;
Let 'em Damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my lodging when dead so alive I have Wine,
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse 'em for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State.
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and *Monfieur d'Evau*;
What concerns it my drinking if *Cassat* be sold,
If the Conquerour takes it by storming or Gold.
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be dam'd and make Matches & treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot ;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat :
Never think that in *Smithfield* 1 Porters will beat ;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

A SONG.



R Anging the Plain one Summers night
 To pass a vacant hour;
 I fortunately chanc'd to light,
 On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r:
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
 In expectation sate,
 To meet those Joys in *Strephon's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.



Pills to purge Melancholy.

201

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her Breast did gently rise;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
Her wishes in her Eyes:
At e'ry breath that mov'd the Trees,
She suddenly would start;
A cold on all her body seiz'd,
A trembling on her heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his hour had stay'd;
And both with fear and anger mov'd
The Melancholy Maid:
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
He would be here by One;
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

A S O N G.



K 5

The •

THe Night her blackest Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies ;
 And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes :
 When at her Fathers Gate I knock'd
 Where I had often been ;
 And shrowded only with her Smock,
 The fair one let me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling lay aham'd ;
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
 And every touch inflam'd :
 My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win ;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
 To yeild and let me in.

Then ! then ! beyond expressing,
 Immortal was the Joy ;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So great a God was I :
 And she tranported with delight,
 Oft pray'd me come again ;
 And kindly vow'd that every night,
 She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh ! at last she prov'd with Borne,
 And fighting fat and dull ;
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Lookt then just like a Fool :
 Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er
 Repenting her rash Sin ;
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly decieve,
 Or from such Beauty part,
 I lov'd her so I could not leave,
 The Charmer of my Heart :

But

Pills to purge Melancholy.

203

But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again :
And now she thanks the blessed Hour
That e'er she let me in.

On Marriage.



HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
And be by th' Nose, by Woman led,
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped ;
For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
If that she be enclin'd to strife,
Will find a man shrill Musick all his life.
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,

Hes

He's sure to have enough of what comes next :
 And by our Grammer Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock or 'tis much belyed,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried :
 And this convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry mood begins,
 The Husband ne'er wants a fight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him steep a Vigil with a Feast ;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to doe, but to say *Amen.*
He has nothing, &c.

A S O N G.



A Curse on all Cares,
and popular Fears,
Come let's to the Bell,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take of our Glafs,
Nay it shall not one pass:

Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
Since Wine does encrease and there's Claret good store.*

Come fill up your Wine,
Look fill it like mine,
Here boys I begin,
A good Health to the King;
Jack see it go round,
Whilst with mirth we abound:

Cho. *For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since Wine, &c.*

Nay dont us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glafs is not big,
What-a-pox you're no Whig;
Come drink up the rest,
Or be Merry at least:

Cho. *For we will be dull and heavy no more.
Since Wine, &c.*

A S O N G.





Believe me *Jenny* for I tell you true,
 These sighs these Sobs, these Tears are all for you;
 Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
 When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?
 It's not enough you cruel fair,
 To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?
 At least, that rigid Sentence spare;
 Nor say that I first caus'd you to disdain.

No, no these silly stories wont Suffice,
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
 Let not dissimulation's baser Art,
 Stifle the busie passion of your heart:
 Let, let the Candor of your Mind,
 Now with your Beauty equal prove;
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
 The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.



A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and precise,
Who past the delight
We enjoy each night,
Give counsel, instruct us, to be counted more wise ;
When Nature exites,
And Beauty invites,
Let us follow, let us follow our own appetites.

The brisk vigor of Youth, and fierce heat of our blood,
The force of Desires
Which kind love inspires,
Are too powerful Motives and can't be withstood :
If Love be a Crime,
We're yet in our Prime ;
Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time. Then

Then we'll boldly go on whil'ft we're lufly and ftrong,
 Whilft fit for the Task
 Of a Vizard Mask,
 And ftill be as happy as ftill we are young :
 Whilft the impotent Sot
 Rails curses his Lot,
 And being paff his Pleafures would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.



YE happy Swains whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of love ;
 That I the like fuccess may find,
 My Shepherdes to move :

Long

Long have I strove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For she still acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my breast a Flame most pure,
Consumes my Life away;
Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
Languishing night and day.
Yet she regardless of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd yeilds no relief,
To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
I'm punish'd so severe;
Tell me that I may expiate;
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have resolv'd that I,
No Mercy shall obtain;
Let her persist in tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.

A SONG.





MY Life and my Death are both in your pow'r,
 I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour;
 Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
 But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:
 Could you guess with what pain my poor Heart is op-
 (prest,
 I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
 Thus sighing and musing 'tis all for my Love;
 No place I can find that does yield me relief,
 My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
 But when my kind Stars let me see him (oh then!)
 I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

A S O N G.



Pills to purge Melancholy.

211



A S *May* in all her youthfull dress,
 My Love so gay did once appear ;
 A Spring of Charms dwelt on her face,
 And Roses did inhabit there :
 Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
 Each night new Pleasures did create ;
 Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
 And Cupid on her Forehead satè.

But as the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern sky does colder grow ;
 And all its blushing looks resigns,
 To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below :
 While Love was eager brisk, and warm,
 My *Cloe* then was kind and gay ;
 But when by time I lost the Charm,
 Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.



W eep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
 For *Strepson's* now no more ;
 Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
 And leave the hated Shoar :
 See, See, upon the craggy Rocks,
 Each Goddess stript appears ;
 They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
 And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
 When this poor Youth was born,
 Had sworn by *Styx* to show his power,
 He'd kill a man e'er morn :

For *Strepbon's* Breast he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came ;
He cry'd and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella's* Lap he laid his head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd Remember when I am dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true ;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah ! he loves not you.

A SONG.



O H Mother *Roger* with his Kisses,
 Almost stops my breath I vow !
 Why does he gripe my hand to pieces,
 And yet he says he loves me too ?
 Tell, me Mother, pray now do,
 pray now do, pray now do,
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
 pray now, pray now, pray now do,
 What *Roger* means when he does so ?
 For never stir I long to know.

Nay more the naughty man beside it
 Something in my Mouth did put ;
 I call'd him Beast and try'd to bite it,
 But for my Life I cannot do't :
 Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.
 For never stir I long to know.

He sets me in his lap whole Hours ,
 Where I feel I know not what ;
 something I never felt in yours
 Pray tell me Mother what is that ?
 Tell me Mother what is that ?
 For never stir I long to know.

A SONG.





Y Our Gamester provok'd by his loss, may forswear,
And rayl against Play, yet can never forbe ar;
Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
In passion plays on, till at last he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
Of those fatal wounds which Love gets by disdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expose my poor heart to those dangers agen.

Clarissa I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;
In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your forces in Arms to destroy me.

My fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,
To make me a Saver for all my Life past;
Be lucky this once Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

A SONG.



How lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
 When the Spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd!
 We admire every Part, tho' never so plain.
 Which when throughly possess'd, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
 For when we are at it, we foolishly prate,
 What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,
 But next morning's Pains our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
 'Tis Pleasant in Moring, 'tis welcom at Noon;
 'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,
 It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyces our Hearts.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
 Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
 Therefore by consent we'll enjoy them all three,
 Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.

A SONG.



Fairest Work of happy Nature,
 Sweet without dissembling Art;
 Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
 Cruel only in a Heart:
 View the Beauties of the Morning,
 Where no sullen Clouds appear;
 Graces there, are less adorning,
 Than below, when *Celia's* there.

Ev'ry Tunefull Breast confesses,
 Sounds by you improve their Power;
 Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses,
 Humbly tells us his Amour;
 Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
 Faithful *Strepson* ne'er denies;
 Such a Treasure in possessing,
 All the Bills of Love supplies.

L

Yet

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;
 Ever finding a Denial,
 Where my softest Love was true:
 But my Heart knows no retreating,
 No decay can ease my Pain;
 Love allows of no defeating,
 Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.

For if e're my *Celia's* Treasure,
 Must her Virgin Sweets resign;
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,
 And I'll boldly call her mine:
 Till her painting wedded Lover,
 Grown uneasy by my Claim;
 Leaves me freely to discover
 Golden Coasts without a Name.

A S O N G.





S *Abina*, in the dead of Night,
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay;
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
 To loose Desires did lead the way:
 I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
 Which did her whiter body keep;
 But still the nearer I was drawn,
 Methought the faster she did sleep:
 I call'd *Sabina* softly in her Ear,
 And sure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all)
 Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy,
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
 to search for hidden Treasury:
 So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heell,
 And sure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a With enjoy,
 And she without a Blush receives;
 As by Dissembling most are coy,
 She by Dissembling freely gives:
 ♪ For you may safely say, nay, swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel.
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss, and do.

A SONG.



W Hy is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
 By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd!
 Oh, keep it by the same!
 For ever shall my Passion last,
 If you will make me once possess'd,
 Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
 'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
 That will suffice my Flame;
 Love's Infancy on hopes may live,
 But you to mine full grown must give,
 Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
 Those Snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
 Fanning my raging Flame;
 That Shape so made to be imbract'd,
 What would I give, I might but taste
 Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wish to rise,
 Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
 And that vain Breath, call'd Fame;
 By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
 'Tis something more I would obtain,
 'Tis that I dare not name.

A S O N G.



A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
 Was gliding o'er the Coast of *Sicily* ;
 When lull'd with soft Repose, a Prostrate maid,
 Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head :
 Her Soul was all tranquil and smooth with Rest,
 Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest ;

L 3

Wrapp'd •

Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And prest the Flow'rs with touch as soft as they.

My thoughts, in gentlest Sounds, she did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art ;
And as I Sung, I grasp'd her yeilding Thighs,
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs :
I kiss'd, and wish'd, and forrag'd, all her store,
Yet wallowing in the pleasure, I was poor ;
No kind relief my Agonies could ease,
I groan'd and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er confusion lay,
Her melting Looks in sweet disorder play ;
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppress'd,
And all her Faculties are dispossest'd,
At last impetuoussly her Pulses move ;
She gives mighty loose to stifled Love ;
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
Alas ! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

A SONG.

VWhen Money has done what e're it can,
And round about run to pleasure a Man,
Whose Life's but a span ;
With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
Which do make such a Noise ;
As confound all advice, that's given by the Wife,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miseries,
And there do leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his store did adore him,
Streight seems afraid of one decay'd,
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceive him ;
But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going.

Then

Then he sighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans;
At last he craves, his Friends deny,
At which he raves, and swears he'll die,
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wise,
Untill in Misery he dies;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.



Pett y *Armida* will be kind,
 When at her feet you prostrate lie ;
 No cruel Looks was e're design'd,
 To dwell within her charming Eye :
 Gaze on her Face, and ev'ry Part,
 That is expos'd to your view ;
 You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
 You may not think that without pain ;
 And some attendance on her will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain :
 Wooers like Angling-Men, must wait
 Woman's time, and give them play,
 Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
 And you read yielding in her Eyes ;
 Yet you alas ! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalize ;
 Her heart may not so ease be
 As you imagine, but may prove
 As hard as Adament to thee,
 And proof against the Darts of love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Tryal of, Sir, if you please ;
 Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
 And beg of her relief and Ease ;
 But she'll not hear you, for she spies
 That underneath your gilded Bait ;
 A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
 So from your Angle she'll retreat.

A SONG.



I Saw the Lads whom dear I lov'd,
Long sighing, and complaining,
While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No favour she refus'd him;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
While she so kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd,
A Bliss worth Kings desiring;
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,
The Snowy Mounts admiring;

L J

While

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
 That to such passion mov'd him ;
 She clapp'd his Cheeks, and cur'd his Hair,
 To shew, she well approv'd him.
 The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
 And swell'd my Heart with Passion ;
 Which, like, my love, could not be tam'd,
 Nor had Consideration.
 I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,
 On my hard Fate complaining ;
 That plung'd me into deep Delpair,
 Because of her disclaining.
 Ah, cruel Meggy ! then I cry'd ;
 Will not my Sorrows move you ?
 Or if my Love must be deny'd,
 Yet give me leave to love you :
 And then frown on, and still be coy,
 Your constant Swain despising ;
 For 'tis but just you should destroy
 What is not worth your prizing.

A SONG.





A Soldier and a Sailer, a Tinker and a Taylour,
 Had once a doubtfull strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir;
 Whose name was Buxome *Joan*,
 Whose name was Buxome *Joan*:
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended,
 To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
 And lie a nights a-lone,
 And lie a nights a-lone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,
 With Fighting for her sake.
 The Taylour thought to please her,
 With offering her his Measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle;
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailer sily waiting;
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out, Sir,
 He then might play his part;
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir;
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG to a Minuet Tune.

I F you will Love me, be free in Expressing it,
 And henceforth give me no cause to complain;
 Or if you hate me be plain in confessing it,
 And in few words put me out of my pain.
 This long delaying, with fighting and praying,
 Breeds only decaying in life and Amour,
 Cooing and Wooing,
 And daily pursuing,
 Is Damn'd, silly doing, therefore I'll give o're.

If you'll propose a kind method of Ruling me,
 I may return to my Duty again;
 But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,
 I must be plain, I am none of your Men;
 Passion, for Passion, on each kind occasion,
 With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
 But Tedious Prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 And new doubts creating, still makes it expire.

The Answer, to the same Minuet Tune.

YOU Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,
Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.

Eye, Eye, deceiver,
No longer endeavour,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won;
No fond Caressing,
Must be nor unlacing,
Or tender embracing, till th' Parson has done.

Some say Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:

Some are affirming;
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait, tho' not Prison agree,
Ventring that Chouse you,
Must let me Espouse you
If e're, my dear Mouse, you will Nibble at me.

A S O N G.





YE Nymphs and *Sylvan* Gods
 That Love green Fields and Woods,
 When Spring newly born,
 Her self does adorn,
 With Flow'r's and Blooming Buds;
 Come Sing in the praise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze,
 In yonder pleasant Vale,
 Of those that chöose,
 Their sleeps to lose,
 And in cold Dews,
 With clouted Shooes,
 Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddes of the Morn,
 With blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh Air;
 Whilst Linnets prepare
 A Consort on each green Thorn,
 The Ousle and Thrush,
 On every Bush;
 And the Charming Nightingale
 In merry Vein,
 Their Throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The Jolly train
 That carry the Milking Pail.

When

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,

The Fields that were seen,
~~So~~ pleasant and green,
By winter all candid o'er

Oh! how the Town lass,
Looks with her white Face,

And her lips of deadly Pale:

But it is not so,

With those that go,

Through Frost and Snow,

With Cheeks that glow,

And carry the Milking pail:

The Miss of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,

With washes and Paint,

Her Skin does so Taint,

She's wither'd before she's old,

Whilst she in Commode,

Put's on a Cart-load;

And with Cushions Plumps her Tail;

What Joys are found,

In Russet Gown,

Young, plump and round,

And sweet and sound,

That carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* game,

That venture Health and Fame,

In practising Feats,

With Colds and with Heats,

Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,

If Men were so wise,

To value the price,

Of the wares most fit for sale,

What store of Beaus,

Would daub their Cloaths,

To save a Nose,

By following those,

That carry the Milking pail.

A SONG.



C Hloe found Amyntas lying,
 All in Tears upon the Plain;
 Sighing to himself and crying,
 wretched I to love in vain!
 Kifs me, Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself and crying,
 Wretched I, to Love in vain:
 Ever scorning and denying,
 To reward your faithfull Swain;
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
 Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain :
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiss, me once and ease my pain.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kiss'd, She Kiss'd again,
Kiss'd Him up before His dying,
Kiss'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

A SONG.



'Twas



'T Was within a furlong of *Edinburgh* Town,
 In the *Rosie* time of year, when the *Grass* was down;
Bonny Jocky Bliſh and Gay,
 Said to *Fenny* making Hay,
 Let's ſit a little (*Dear*) and prattle,
 'Tis a ſoultry Day.

He long had Courted the *Black-brow'd* Maid,
 But *Jocky* was a Wagg and won'd ne'er conſent to Wedd,
 Which made her Piſh and Phoo, and cry it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, Munnot, buckle too,

He told her Marriage was grown a mere joke,
 And that no one Wedded now but the *Scoundrel* folk,
 Yet, my dear thou ſhouldeſt prevail,
 But I know not what I ail,

I ſhall dream of Clogs, and ſilly Dogs,
 With Bottles at their tail;

But I'll give thee *Gloves* and a *Bongrace* to wear,
 And a pritty *Filly-ſeal*, to ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er will Piſh nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er ſhall do,
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me *Trinkets*, cry'd ſhe, I believe,
 But ah! what in return muſt your poor *Fenny* give,
 When my *Maiden Treasure's* gone,

I muſt gang to *London-Town*,
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
 And Kiſs for half a Crown;

Each drunken Bully oblige for pay,
 And earn a hated Living in an odious fulſom way,
 No, no, it ne'er ſhall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.



M An, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man;
 As the Spur is for the Jade,
 As the Scabbard for the Blade,
 As for digging is the Spade,
 As for Liquor is the Can,
 So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
 And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
 As for Night's the Serenade,
 As for Pudding is the Pan,
 And to cool us is the Fan,
 So Man, &c.

Be the Widow, Wife or Maid,
 Be the Wanton, be the Stay'd,
 Be the Well or Ill Array'd,
 Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
 Yet Man, &c.

A SONG.



Take not a Womans anger ill,
 But let this be your comfort still,
 (This be your comfort still,)
 That if one won't another will:
 Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
 She, she that is wiser will comply,
 And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
 What care I, what care I,
 If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,
 And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Wooe,
 As all our simple Coxcombs doe;
 All Women love it and tho' this,
 Does sullenly forbid the bliss,
 Try but the next you cannot miss.

A SONG.



Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
 But Sawney Keans it well;
 And Sawney might a Boon h'vae had,
 But Sawney loves to tell:
 He Weens that I mun love him soon.
 Gin Lovers now are rare;
 But I'de as lif have none,
 As one whom twanty, twanty share.

When anent your love you come,
 Ah! Sawney were you true;
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
 I ne'er could gang from you;
 Yet still my Tongue do what I can,
 With muckle woe denies;
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,
 It boots not to be wise.

A SONG.



Young I am and unskill'd,
 How to make a Lover yield;
 How to keep, or how to gain,
 When to Love, and when to Reign:
 Take me, take me some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 Ere I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast) and rowl my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to lye and to betray;
 He that loves me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest:
 Could I find a Blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth;
 Brisk and of a *Jane* Meen,
 I shou'd long, (I shou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG to a ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.

Subborn Church-division,
Folly and Ambition,
Caust'd with great Derision,
Poor *Englands* sad condition;
Princes leave their Stations, by strange Abdications:
New ones come to ease us,
Yet nothing e'er can please us,
Happy's the Man then that shuns the Great,
That pleaseth himself in a Rural State.

With ease and in a sweet retreat;
Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,
In his small Dominions,
Vents no false Opinions,
Nor deserts the true, for *Papist*, or *Secinian*,
But sits down with his Friends around,
Whilst the Glass is crown'd,
And the Healths abound,
To the King and Queen the best in Town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,
Argues still with reason,
Speaks nor hears no Treason;
Nor Arraigns the sense,
Of Five Hundred Heads to please one:
Plaintiff or Defendants,
Ne'er get his attendance,
He wishes well to all that are at *White-Hall*,
But he Loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,
Good Musick and a Ditty,
And takes a spouse, to adorn his House,
That's Rich and kind, and pretty;
Merry, merry all merrily discards, all sorrow
Warily does never, never lend nor borrow,
Generously entertains his Friends to day,
And is the same to morrow.

A SONG.



[*Pish must only be utter'd, not sung.]

Focky. **F** Airest *Fenny!* thou mun'love me ;
Fenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do :
Focky. Gin thou say'st, Thou dost approve me
 Dearest, thou mun kiss me too.
Fenny. Take a Kiss or twa, or twa gude *Focky,*
 But I dare give nean I trow :
 Fye! nay! * *Pish* be not unlucky!
 Wed me first, and aw will do.

Focky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
 Ize not yield thus to be bound ;
Fenny. Nor I lig by thee without it
 For twa hundred thousand pound.
Focky. Thou wilt die if I, if forsake thee.
Fenny. Better die, than be undone.
Focky. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,
 'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A SONG.



Great *Jove* once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull,)
 With *Leda* a Swan was in vogue;
 And to persevere in that Rule, (that Rule,)
 He now does descend like a Dog:
 For when I to *Celia* would speak,
 And on her Breast sigh what I mean;
 My Heart-Strings are ready to break,
 For there I find Monsieur *Le Cbien*, (*Le Cbien*,
L: Cbien, Monsieur, Monsieur *Le Cbien*.)

For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defie any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rivall'd by four :
Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !
That what to my Merit belongs,
You bestow upon Monsieur *Le Chien* !

For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Nor vainly my self should express
To say, I am much more a Man :
To th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean ;
And if he Religious can be,
I've as much sure as Monsieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I publish my Parts,
Or idly my Passion relate ;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Resolves not to alter my Fate :
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court, *Ausi bien* ;
And yet with one Passionate Lick,
I'm out-rivall'd by Monsieur *Le Chien*.

A SONG.



B Onny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
 Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have now no pow'r;
 Whilst my Joy, my dear *Peggy*, is gone,
 And Wedded quite from me, will Love no more:
 My gude Friends that do ken my Grief,
 With Song and Story a Cure would find;
 But alas! they bring no Relief,
 For *Peggy* still runs in my Mind.

When I visit the Park or Play,
 They aw without *Peggy* a Desart seem;
 She's before my Eyes aw the day,
 And aw the long night too she haunts my Dream:
 Sometimes fancying a Heav'n of Charms,
 I wake, and rob'd of my dear Delight,
 Find she ligs in another's Arms,
 Ah! then 'tis she kills me out right.

A SONG.



Come Sweet Lads,
 This bonny Weather,
 Let's together ;
 Come Sweet Lads,
 Let's trip it on the Grass :
 Ev'ry where.
 Poor *Jockey* seeks his Dear,
 And unless you appear,
 He sees no Beauty hear.

On our Green,
 The Loons are Sporting,
 Piping, Courting ;
 On our Green,
 The Blytheft Lads are seen :
 There all day.
 Our Lasses Dance and play,
 And ev'ry one is gay,
 But I, when you're away.

A S O N G.



W Hy does *Willy* shun his Dear?
 Why is he never here,
 My tender Heart to Chear?
 Why, why does *Willy* shun his Dear,
 And leave his own poor *Fenny* weeping?
 Shall I never see him more,
 But live in Mickle Care,
 In sorrow and despair?
 Shall I never, never see him more,
 But in my Dream when I am sleeping?
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away;
 But here the Lad wou'd stay,
 Still Bonny, Blythe and gay;
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
 But all the day he wou'd be Sueing;
 But when he had got a Boon,
 Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
 In Mickle haste was gone;
 But when he, when he had got a Boon,
 There was an end of *Willy's* Wooing.

A SONG.



DE'l take the War that hurri'd *Willy* from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn,
 They made him Captain sure to undoe me,
 Woe is me he'll ne'er return;
 A thousand Loons a-broad will Fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run,
 Day and night I did invite,
 To stay safe from the Sword and Gun:

I us'd alluring Graces,
 With muckle kind Embraces,
 Now Sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft Arms,
 Preferr'd no Wars alarms,
 By Love grown mad, without the Man of Gad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all, I

I Wash'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snar'd that they told me wou'd catch the Men ;
And on my Head a huge Commode sat Cocking,
Which made me shew as tall agen :
For a New Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flowers did shine ;
My Love well might think me Gay and Bonny,
No *Scotch* Lais was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
Fringe too with Thread I Knotted :
Lace Shooes and Silk Hose garter full over Knee.
But oh! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* these are nought,
Who Rid to Towns and Rifled with Dragoens,
When he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me.

A SONG.



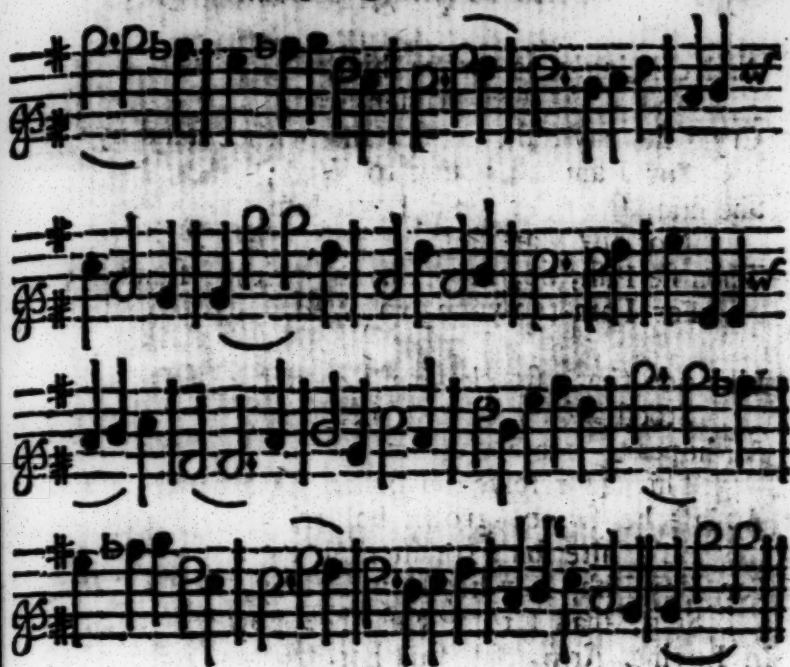


T He Bonney grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
 When Jockey rowz'd with Love came blithly on,
 And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
 Abhor'd the lazy Hours that slow did run;
 But muckle were my joys when in my view
 I from my window spy'd my only dear,
 I took the wings of Love and to him flew,
 For I had fancy'd all my heav'n was there.

Upon my Bosom Jockey laid his Head,
 And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
 My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
 Did Flutter up and down and strangely move.
 He sigh'd, he Kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd and swore,
 That I had o'er his Heart a conquest gain'd;
 Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
 Which he, alas! too soon, too soon obtain'd.

A SONG.





T Was when the Sheep were Shearing,
 And under the Barly Mow;
 Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,
 As She had milk'd her Cow:
 Quoth He, I fain wou'd Wed thee;
 And tho' I cannot Woove;
 I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,
 Sing, ah I shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now?
 I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
 And merrily Buckle-too;
 With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for Boy;
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now,
 Sing ah I shall I come, shall I come Kifs thee now?
 Doll seem'd not to regard him,
 As if she did not care;
 Yet Simper'd when she heard him,
 Like any Millers Mare:

M 3

And

And cunningly to prove him,
 And Value her Maiden-head,
 Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by:
 For I am too young to Wed;
 She said, she ne'er cou'd Love him,
 Nor any Man close in Bed.
 Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by;
 For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood *Diddy* to hear her talk;
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did balk,
 At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Shrew:
 For Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now?
 In Loving Arms did fold her,
 E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry,
 With Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kifs thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
 And stubborn Female will,
 Poor, *Doll* grew melancholy,
 The Grist went by her Mill;
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser,
 Than credit what I have said:
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to Wed;
 Bring you the Church adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed;
 Then try, tho' I cry, fie and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to Wed.

A S O N G.



Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
 And Femmy swarth and Tawney;
 They my Heart no Captive made,
 For that was Prize to Sawney:
 Fockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,
 And Femmy offers Money;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only Sawney.

Fockey high his Voice can raise,
 And Femmy tunes the Viol;
 But when Sawney Pipes sweet Lays,
 My Heart kens no denial:
 One he Sings and to'thers Strings;
 Tho' sweet yet only teize me,
 Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
 And Pipe a Tune to Please me.

A SONG.



This to be Sung only at the end of the first and last Verse.



T He Sun was just Setting, the Reaping was done ;
 And over the Common I tript it alone,
 Then whom shou'd I meet, but young Dick of our Town,
 Who swore e'er I went I shou'd have a Green-gown ;
 He

Pills to purge Melancholy.

253

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me I Tumbld,
He kiss'd me I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on;

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

These 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and last Verse.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rump'd,
Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld,
Where ever, where ever I goe.

Before an old Justice I Summon'd the spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now shall relate the whole business quoth he.
He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, and tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to wish I would kiss him instead of the Book;
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint;
He look'd like a Bacchus, but Preach'd like a Saint;
He said we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.

*He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me, I tumbld,
He Kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,*

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rump'd,
Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld
Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG. on Bartholomew Fair.

B Onny Lads and Damsels,
 Your welcome to our Booth;
 We're now come here on purpose,
 Your fancies for to sooth;
 No heavy Dutch Performers,
 Amongst us you shall find,
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
 And Lasses very kind.
 Your Damsels and Filberds,
 You're welcome here to Crack,
 But a Glass of merry Sack Boys,
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

You

You may range about the Fair,
New Tricks and fights to see;
And when your Legs are weary,
Pray come again to me:
There's Thread-bare *Holofernes*,
Whom *Judith* long hath slain,
With *Guy* of *Warwick*, *St George*,
And *Reynolds's* fair Dame,
You'll find some pretty Puppets too,
With many a Nickey Nack,
But a Glass of Jolly Sack Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,
Some Players hithet come;
But if my Stars deceive me not,
They soon will know their doom,
There's other petty Stroulers,
That crowd upon us here
That may have Booths to let too,
Before their time I fear.
All these may prate and talk much,
Show Tricks and Bounce and Crack,
But here's a Glass of Sack Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old *England* let's remember,
(May Peace and Plenty spring.)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes soon will end;
The Souldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend.
Be Merry then Carouse Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack,
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
That's Cordial for the Back.

A SONG on Bacchus



CHORUS.



[Drinking,

Since there's so small difference 'twixt Drowning and
We'll tippie and pray too like Mariners Sinking ;
Whilst they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wine,
And pay our Devotion at Bacchus's Shrine.

*Ob ! Bacchus great Bacchus for ever defend us,
And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes above,,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-Suits and Love ;
From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous things,
And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.,

From Riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with loss of much Leather ;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.,

From

Pills to purge Melancholy.

257

From a Usure's grige, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;
From the scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over wild *Irish* Boggs.

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From Hunger and Thirst, Empty Bottles and Glasses,
From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys.

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome Insects and Flies,
That think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise;
From carrying a Quatan for Mortification,
As long as a *Raisbon* Consultation.

Ob! Bacchus, &c.

The Nurses SONG.



MY dear Cock adodle,
My Jewel, my Joy;
My Darling, my Honey,
My Pretty sweet Boy:
Before I do Rock thee,
With soft Lul-la-by;
Give me thy sweet Lips,
To be Kiss, Kiss, Kiss, Kiss, Kiss, Kiss.

Thy Charming high For-head,
thy Eyes too like Sloes;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
And thy right *Roman* Nose;

With,

With some Pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths
Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can;
I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man:
Ah! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betty and Noi,
By thee will run mad
To be Kifs, Kifs, &c.

And when in due season,
My *Billy* shall Wed:
And lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed,
A Welfare the loosing
Of her Maiden-Head,
If *Billy* come near her
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

Then Welfare high Fore-head,
And Eyes blak as Sloes;
And Wel-fare the Dimple,
And Welfare the Nose:
And all pretty marks,
That lie under the Cloaths;
For none is more hopefull
To Kifs, Kifs, &c.

A SONG.



A SONG.



H Ow long must Woman with in vain,
A Constant Love to find ;
No Art can Fickle Man retain,
Or fix a Roving mind :
Thus fondly we our selves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue ;
Tho' false to others we believe,
Thy will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torment to discern,
A perjur'd Lover gone ;
And yet by sad experience learn,
That we must still Love on :
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
Who tread the Maze of Love ;
When most desirous to Retreat,
We know not how to move.

A SONG.



Lads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
 Hear what my Song discloses;
 As I one morning Sleeping lay,
 Upon a bank of Roses:
Willy ganging out his Gate,
 By gude luck chanc'd to spy me;
 And pulling bonnet from his Pate,
 He softly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
 Yet now I wou'd not know him;
 But made a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And from me strove to throw him;
 Fondly he still nearer prest,
 Upon my Bosom lying;
 His beating heart too thump'd so fast,
 I Thought the Loon was dying.

But

But resolving to deny,
An Angry Passion feigning ;
I often roughly push'd him by,
With words full of disdain :
Willy baulk'd no favour wins,
But went off discontented ;
But I gude faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half so much repented.

A SONG.



O H Fie! what mean I foolish Maid,
In this Remote and Silent shade;
To meet with you alone :
My heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends than mine ;
And both are more your Friends than mine ;
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with Villians here,

I to some Cave wou'd run :
But such Inchanting Art you show,
I cannot frive I cannot go ;
Oh ! I shall be undone.

Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more ;

What must we yet fool on ?
Ah ! now I yeild ah ! now I fall,
Ah ! now I have no breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone.

A S O N G.



Rise Bonny Cate the Sun's got up high,
The Fiddlers have play'd their last merry Tune;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy health ize drink my three quarts;
Then raffle among the Beauties divine,
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,
Assure thy self *Fopsy's* shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other as well as our meat
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,
And there, there, there consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin,
I'll push on my Fortune at night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion could'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes Five too, that's next with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

A SONG.



THo' Jockey Su'd me long, he met disdain;
 His Tender sighs and Tears were spent in vain:
 Give o'er said I give o'er,
 Your silly fond Amour,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, comply;
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,
 Which I took not amiss,
 And since I've known the bliss,
 I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's coy,
 Who hears your Love yet seems to shun its Joy;
 If you press her to do so,
 Ne'er mind her no, no, no;
 But trust her eyes,
 For coyness gives denial,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho' she swears you shant come nigh all,
 I'm sure she lies.

The Leather Bottle.



Now God above that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;
 The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,
 To keep foes out they come not in:
 Now every one doth what he can,
 All for the use and praise of Man,
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you say to the Cans of wood?
 Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good;
 When a man for Beer he doth therein send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
 The bearer stumbleth by the way,
 And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,
 Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
 And swears it 'twas long of the Wooden Can;
 But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,
 Although he stumbled all had been well,
 So safe therein it would remain
 Untill the Man got up again,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

N

Now

Now for the Pots with handles three,
 Faith they shall have no praise of me;
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
 As many I fear have done in their life,
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
 And break the same though they were loth,
 Which they shall answer another day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
 The one might have tugg'd the other have held,
 They both might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,
 And yet no harm the Bottel would take,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When a Noble-man he doth them send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
 The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
 And never is seen again after that day,
 Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,
 And swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man;
 But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
 But with a Leather Bottle again would come,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When Friends are at a Table set,
 And by them several sorts of Meat;
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish,
 Among them all remove a Dish;
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke no Wine left in;
 Then be your Table-Cloath ne'er so fine,
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine,
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A young Man may his Service lose,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
 And that it will no longer hold;
 Out of the side you may cut a Clout,
 To mend your Shooe when worn out;
 Or hang the other side on a pin,
 'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in;
 As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
 For young beginners need such things,
*I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
 That first invented the Leathern Bottel.*

The Black Jack, to the foregoing Tune.

'T Is a pitifull thing that now adays, Sirs,
 Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle praisers;
 But if a Leathern theme they did lack;
 They might better have chosen the bonny Black-Jack;
 For when they are both now well worn and decay'd.
 For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said;
*And I wish his Soul much good may partake,
 That first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.*

And now I will begin to declare,
 What the Conveniences of the Jack are;
 First when a gang of good fellows do meet,
 As oft at a Fair or a Wake you shall see't,
 They resolve to have some merry Carouses;
 And yet to get home in good time to their Houses;
 Then the Bottle it runs as slow as my Rhime,
 With Jack they might have all been drunk in good time,
*And I wish his Soul in peace may dwell,
 That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And therefore leave of your twittle twattle,
 Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leather Bottle;
 For the Man at the Bottle may drink till he burst,
 And yet not handsomely quench his thirst;

The Master hereat maketh great moan,
 And doubts his Bottle has a spice of the Stone ;
 But if it had been a generous Jack,
 He might have had currently what he did lack.

*And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
 That first found out that happy device.*

Be your Liquor small or thick as Mud,
 The cheating Bottle that cries good, good ;
 Then the Master again begins to storm,
 Because it said more than it could perform ;
 But if it had been in an honest black Jack,
 It would have prov'd better to fight smell and smack,
*And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,
 That added a Jack to Bacchus his Feast.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle or Jugg,
 Is half so fit or so well can hold tugg ;
 For when a Man and his Wife play at thwack's,
 There's nothings so good as a pair of black Jacks,
 Thus to it they go, they swear and they curse,
 It makes them both better the Jacks ne'er the worse ;
 For they might have bang'd both till their hearts did ake,
 And yet no hurt the Jacks could take,
*And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,
 That first produc'd that lucky invention.*

SOCRATES and *ARISTOTLE*,
 Suckt no wit from a Leather Bottle ;
 For surely I think a man as soon may,
 Find a Needle in a bottle of hay ;
 But if the Black Jack a Man often toss over,
 'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher ;
 When he that makes Jacks from a Peck to a quart,
 Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art.
And I wish his Soul, &c.

Besides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
 That fram'd the Bottle, his brains were but shallow ;

The

The case is so clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a hearer and deeper invention,
When the Bottle is cleaned the dregs fly about ;
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out ;
But if in a Cannon bore Jack it had been ,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean ;
*And I wish his Soul no comfort may lack ,
That first devis'd the bouncing black Jack.*

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no man,
That is a hairs Breadth above a Plow-man ;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules*-Pillars,
And there visit those gallant Jack swillers ;
In these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon and Lambeth Ale :
The Chief of Heraulds there allows,
The Jack to be of the ancients house.

*And may his successors never want Sack ,
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a tunel but that you must spil it ;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout ;
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it ;
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack,
And I wish his Soul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a spark
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a Mark ;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle nose ;
All wise men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold ;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it ,
His worn out Jack serves him well for a budget ;
*And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack ,
That first contrived the Leather Black Jack.*

When Bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't
 The Bottle looks just like a Dwarf to Giant;
 Then have we not reason the Jack for to chuse,
 For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shoos;
 For add but to every Jack a foot,
 And every Jack, becomes a Boot;
 Then give me my Jack, there's a reason why,
 They have kept us wet and the'll keep us dry;
 I now shall cease but as I'm an honest man,
 The Jack deserves to be called Sir *JOHN*;
And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.

A SONG.



Jenny, my blithest maid,
 Prethee listen to my true Love now;
 I am a canny Lad,
 Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
 Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,
 While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
 How the Lad the Lass may woo,
 Come and I'll shew my Jenny what to do.

I ken full many a thing,
 I can dance, and I can whistle too;
 I many a Song can sing,
 Pitch the Bar, and run, and wrastle too:
 Bonny Mog of our Town,
 Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
 Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Fockey from aw the Lassies of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
 Ize not spoil thy gawdy shining Geer;
 I'll make a Bed of Fern,
 And I'll gently press my *Jenny* there.
 Let me lift thy Petticoat,
 And thy Kercher that too hides thy Bosom;
 Shew thy naked Beauty's store.
Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.

SONG, Sung by a Fop newly come from France.



A H *Phyllis*! why are you less *tendre*,
 To my despairing *Amour*!
 Your Heart you have promis'd to *Tendre*,
 Do not deny the *Retour*:
 My Passion I cannot *defendre*,
 No, no, Torments encrease *tous les Jour*.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
 Can you expect my *Devoir*,
 Since *Phyllis* is grown *infidelle*,
 And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir* !
 Those Eyes which were once *agrecable*,
 Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

Adieu to my *false Esperance*,
 Adieu *les Plaisirs des beaux Jours* ;
 My *Phyllis* appears at *distance*,
 And slights my unfeigned *Efforts* :
 To return to her Vows *impossible*,
 No, no, adieu To the Cheats of *Amours*.

A S O N G.



TELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove,
 So cruel, so severe ;
 To make me burn in flames of Love,
 Then throw me in despair ?
 Tell me, what Pleasure do you find,
 To forck tormenting Fate ;
 To make my *Sylvia* first seem kind,
 Then vow perpetual Hate ?

Once

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
With her bewitching Eyes ;
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms arise :
With her Diviner Looks she'd bless,
And with her smiles revive ;
When she was kind who could express
The Extasie of Life.

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now disappear ;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And vows neglected are :
No more kind Looks she will impart,
No longer will endure
The tender Passion of my heart,
Which none but she can cure.

Ah! cruel, false, perfidious Maid!
Are these Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my heart betray'd,
Will you then faithless prove?
'Tis pity such an Angels Face,
Shou'd so much perjur'd be ;
And blast each captivating Grace,
By being false to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis to late,
The God of Love appease ;
Lest you too soon do meet your Fate,
And fall a sacrifice :
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey ;
For Age will ruine all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



When first *Amyntas* su'd for Kiss,
 My innocent Heart was tender;
 That tho' I push'd him away from the Bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won;
 I fain an artful Coyneſs wou'd uſe,
 Before I the Fort did ſurrender:
 But Love wou'd ſuffer no more ſuch Abufe,
 And ſoon, alas! my cheat was known.
 He'd ſit all day, and laugh and play.
 A thouſand pretty things wou'd ſay;
 My Hand he'd 'queeze, and preſs my Knees,
 Till farther on he got by degrees.

My

My Heart, just like a Vessel at sea,
Wou'd tofs when *Amyntas* was near me;
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he!

Through Doubts and Fears he'd still Say! on:
I though in him no danger cou'd be,
Too wisely he knows how to steer me;
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,

So wast of Joys before unknown,
Well might he boast his Pain not lost,
For soon he found the Golden Coast;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the Shore;
Where never Merchant went before.

A S O N G.



S It thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thou'z quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy:
Should'st thou prove Coy and not Love me,
Oh! where should I find out like a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouz

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
 With silver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyn:
 With foyn't Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown,
 Thy pink Petty-Coat fall be laced down.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook side,
 And Fishes catch as they do glayd:
 Each Fish thyn Prisoner then fall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
 Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
 And there weez fray and eat the Fish;
 But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

Ize Kifs thy cherry Lips, and praise
 Aw the sweet features of thy Face;
 Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty both rise,
 Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Fyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold-Night,
 Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
 Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
 And sure Ize have something that fall please thee.

A S O N G.





I N *January* last, on *Munnonday* at morn,
As I along the *Fields* did pass to view the *Winters*
[Corn;
I leaked me behind, and I saw come O'er the *Knough*,
Yan glenting in an *Apron* with bonny brent *Brow*.

I bid gud morrow, fair *Maid*, and she right courteouslie;
Bekt lew and fine, kind *Sir*, she said, gud day agen to ye;
I spear'd o her, fair *Maid*, quo I, how far intend you now?
Quo she, I mean a *Mile* or twa, to yonder bonny *brow*.

Fair *Maid*, I'm weel contented to ha sik company,
For I am ganging out the *Gate* ya intend ta be:
When we had walkt a *Mile* or twa, Ize said to her, my
[Doc,
May I not dight your *Apron* fine, kifs your bonny *brow*,

Nea, gud sir, you are far misteen, fer I am nean othose;
I hope ya ha more breeding than to dight a womans
[cloths:

For I've a better chosen than sike as you,
Who boldly may my *Apron* dight, and kifs ma bonny
[brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,
Rather than be rejefted, I will give o're the play:
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her *Apron*, kifs her bonny *brow*.

Sor, Ize see ya are proud hearted and leath to be said nay,
You need not tall ha started, for eight that Iz ded say:
You know *Wemun* for modestie, ne at the first time boo;
But, gif we like your company, we are as kind as you.

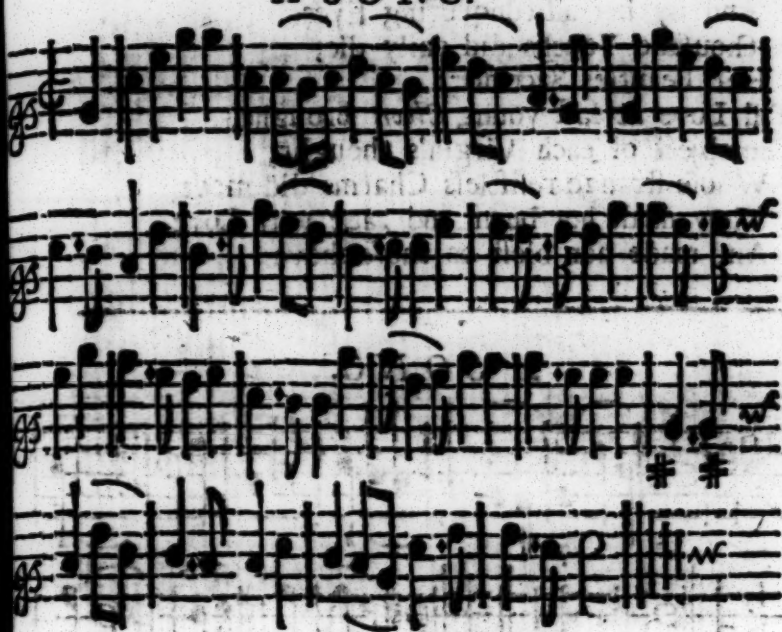
A SONG.



B Onny Lads gin thou wert mine,
 And twenty thousand Pounds about thee;
 I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green,
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.
 I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green,
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
 And twenty thousand Lords about thee:
 I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
 And gang with thee to any Green,
 To shew me how my Daddy gat me.
 I'd leave them, &c.

A S O N G.



THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate,
 It was to Love a Swain,
 Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
 Grew weary of her pain:
 Long, long, alas! she vainly strove,
 To free her Captive Heart from Love;
 'Till urg'd to much by his Disdain,
 She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,
 And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 Gay as the blooming Spring.
 To no soft Tole would lend an Ear,
 But careless sit and sing:
 Or if a moving Story wrought
 Her frozen Breast to a kind thought,
 She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amyntor thus his Story told,
 Once burn'd as much but now he's cold.

Long

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Youths did daily die,
 Her Beauties Sacrifice:
 'Till Love at last young Cleon brought,
 The object of each Virgin's thought,
 Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
 They made her burn and rage with Love,
 And made her blest as those above.

A SONG.



A H *Fenny* gin your Eyes do kill,
 You'll let me tell my pain;
 Gud Faith, I lov'd against my will,
 Yet wad not break my Chain:
 Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,
 'Till that fair Face of yours,
 Betray'd the Freedom once I had,
 And all my blither hours.

And

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,
My faded show'ring Eyn;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks,
I pass my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

A S O N G.



T Here was a Jovial Begger,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg:
And a begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches,
To shew that he can halt,
And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry,
And a begging, &c.

To Pimblico we'll go,
Where we shall merry be ;
With ev'ry man with a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee,
And a begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty lass.
And a begging, &c.

Seven years I begg'd
For my old Master *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him store of pelf ;
But ~~fore~~ now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no rent ;
Providence provides for me ,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
A Beggar lives the best ;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lie him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open Cell ;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggars live so well.
And a begging, &c.

A SONG.



TELL me Jenny, tell me roundly,
 When you will your Heart surrender;
 Faith and Troth I love thee foundly
 'Twas I that was the first pretender,
 Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
 Here's my Heart and here's my Hand too;
 All that's mine, shall be thine,
 Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth Jenny,
 Have you promis'd to be true to?
 Eye! I think the Devil's in you,
 To kiss a Body so as you do!
 What d'ye? let me go,
 I cant abide such foolish doing;
 Get you gone you naughty Man
 Eye is this your way of Wooing.

A SONG.



I Often for my *Jenny* strove,
 Ey'd her, try'd her, yet cant prove,
 So lucky to find her pity move,
 Ize have no reward for Love;
 If you wou'd but think on me,
 And now forsake your Cruelty;
 Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,
 I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee, in my Arms:
 I often vow'd, and did protest,
 'Tis *Joan* alone, that I love best:
 Ize have gotten Twenty pounds,
 My Fathers House, and all his grounds,
 And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



TELL me no more, no more I am deceiv'd,
 That *Cloe's* false, that *Cloe's* false and common :
 By Heav'n I all along believ'd
 She was, she was, a very, very Woman.
 As such I lik'd, as such careft,
 She still, She still was constant when posselt :
 She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she could,
 Do more for no man.

But oh ! but oh her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think, and that you think a hard thing ;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
 Why what care I, why what care I one Farthing.
 You say she's false I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind ;
 Who, who has the better bargain ?

A SONG.



AT London che've bin,
 At London che've bin,
 And che've seen the King and the Queen ;
 Che've seen Lords, and Earls,
 And roaring fine Girls,
 Turn'd up their Tails at fifteen ;

Che've seen the Lord Mayor,
 And Bartoldom-Fair ;
 And there che met with the *Draggon*,
 That *Jr. George* that bold Knight,
 Fought and killed out-right,
 Whilst a Man could tofs off a Flaggon.

From thence as I went,
 To seeth' Monument ;
 I met with a Girl in Cheapside ;
 That for half a Crown,
 Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
 And shew'd me how far she could stride ;

A SONG.



Then Beauteous Nymph look from above,
And see me here below : [window,
See how that mighty Tyrant Love drags me to your
Drags me to your window :
Let not your Heart then hardned be,
Since you my love have got;
For I'm a Knight of high degree,
And dye upon the spot.

To morrow then let us be Wed,
At hours Cannonical;
That I may say when I have sped,
My heart is free from Thrall :
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou mayst have the liberty
To Rife all my Charms.

Scotch SONG.



WAa is me what mun I do,
 Drinking Waters I may rue,
 Since my Heart so muckle harm befel
 Wounded by a bonny Lads at *Epsom-Well*;
 Ize have been at *Dalkeith* Fair,
 Seen the charming Faces there;
 But aw *Scotland* now, gude Faith, defye
 Sike a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.

Fennyes

Jemmes Skin was white, her Fingers small;
 Meggy, she was slender, straight and tall;
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;
 For her I sigh, for her I die in a wild despair;
 Never Man in Woman took such Joy,
 Never Woman was to Man so coy;
 She'll not be my Honey for my Love or Money:
 Well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pater,
 Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a
 [great Estate:

Who kept an Old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
 Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's

With an Old Lady whose anger good words, allwages
 Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
 Who never knew what belongs to Coachman, Footmen
 [and Pages;

But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blue-coats
 Like an Old Courtier, &c. [and badges.

With a Study fill'd full of Learned books, [his books,

With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him By

With an old Buttery hatch worn quit off the old hooks,

And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old
 Like an Old, &c. [Cooks,

With

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes
 [and Bows,
 With old Swords and bucklers, which hath born many
 shrew'd blows,
 And an old Frysadoe coat to cover his worships trunk hose
 And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose;
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
 To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
 And good chear enough to furnish every old Room,
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man
Like an Old, &c. dumb;

With an old Hunts-man, a Falconer and a Kennel of
 [Hounds,
 Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own
 [Grounds:
 Who like an old Wise-man kept himself within his own
 [bounds,
 And when he died gave every Child a thousand old
Like an Old, &c. [pounds;

But to his eldest Son, his house and land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountifull
 [mind,
 To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
 But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was
 [enclin'd;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Lik a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
 That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's own command,
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Bond,
 And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go
Like a young Courtier, &c. [nor stand;

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair, [or care,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good house keeping
 But

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens
Like a young, &c. [hair

With a new Hall built were the old one flood,
Wherein is burned neither coal, nor wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never meat stood,
Hung round with Pictures which doth the poor little
Like a young, &c. [good;

With a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
[five days,

With a new French-Cook to make Kickshaws and Toyes;
Like young, &c.

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
Like a young, &c. [a stone,

With a Gentleman-Usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat
Who when the Master has din'd gives the servants little
Like a young, &c. [meat;

With a new honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold.
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now days grown so cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Bacchus's Health : *To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.*

First Man stands up with a Glass in's hand and Sings



Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
 Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
 Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo ;*
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

** At this Star they all bow to each other,
 and sit down.*

*† At this Dagger all the Company beckens to
 the Drawer.*

** Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo ;
 And † bring more Liquor hither, -
 And bring more Liquor hither,
 And bring more Liquor hither, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

** At*

* *At this Star the first Man drinks his
Glass while all the other Sing and
point at him.*

† *At this Dagger they all sit down; clap-
ping their, next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium, I--bo, I--bo, I--bo ;*
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I--bo, I--bo, I--bo.*

*Then the 2d. Man takes his Glass, all the Com-
pany Singing Here's a Health, &c. so round.*

SONG, to the foregoing Tune.

T Here was a bonny blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid ;
And safely conducted her home, home, home,
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day,
And brisk as the May :
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb,
But still the silly Swain,
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sow and she could make ;
She could Sweep the house with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
She could Wash and she could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
 For to give himself content ;
 And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum,
 O ! tis the easiest part,
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb,

To the Dr. he did her bring,
 And he cut her chattering string ;
 And at liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue, her
 [Tongue,

Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the house with noise ;
 And she rattl'd in his ears like a drum, drum, drum,
 She bred a deal of strife,
 Made him weary of his life,
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woes ;
 Oh ! Dr. you've me undone, undone, undone,
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb,

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak ;
 It was a thing easily done, done, done,
 But 'tis past the Art of man
 Let him do what e'er he can,
 For to make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 [Tongue.

The West-Countryman's Song on a Wedding.



O ds hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,
Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minstrel he's gon twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir;
Who the Rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking I'th'

[Hall, Sir ?

E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it I am
[resolv'd ?

I'm sure there can be no harm in't
Who would lose the right of the Lasses and Pages,
And pretty little Sue so true, when she ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

O 4

There's

There's my Lord has got the curious'st Daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water;
 This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
 Some to veed her, some to dress her and clout her:
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest the sweetest
 The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do zay the discreet.
 [left,

There's ne'er a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
 But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's creation;
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie,
 That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
 If London Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her gallant Apparel,
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
 There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White-wine, or Claret;
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good yellows,
 May tipple off their Cups, untill they lie down on their
 [Pillows.
 Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy
 [head zo,
 For thither I'll go, Cods-woons, because I have said so.

A SONG.





Jocky was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden-true :
But I fear that I shall dye a Maid,
And never tast the joys of love as others doe,
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets sound,
Made the shores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here :
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my Dear.
To arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd ;
But in I vain strove,
To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend, when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;
But he thought that he in Glory shou'd survive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to arms :
To arms, to arms he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd ;
But in vain I strove.
To persuade my Love.

All that ever I could say to keep my Lover,
Was to little to confine him here:
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my Dear.

A SONG.



Y Ou mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
 And for your brave Valour wou'd pains undertake;
 Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
 How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be,
 Sing Tanta. ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys;
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys,
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys drink, boys drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,
 And wou'd by your Courage your credit advance;
 Here's stuff to be won by ventring your life,
 So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Ware Horns, ware Horns,
 Sing tanta ra, &c. Ware Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your means,
 And still your mind runs upon Whores and Queans;
 Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
 From Leaguer to Leaguer in spite of your Foe;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Whores all,
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all.

As

As soon as you come to your Enemies land,
Where fat Goose and Capon you have at command ;
Sing take them, or Eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get none ;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift, make shift,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
If that you can flatter and speak to their mind ;
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double ;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Hard case, hard case,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case.

And when you break an Arm or a Leg,
You shall have your Pass through the Country to Beg ;
Your Officer promises you some other pay,
But the Soldier never gets it, no not till Dooms-day ;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long time, long time,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls,
And when you have done the best that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man ;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all.

A S O N G.



Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odors blown,
 By Zephyrus o'er the Vales;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er She breaths where e'er She Sings,
 How happy are the Groves:
 How blest / how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherds that She loves.

With gentle steps let's beat the ground,
 In Gladſom Couples joy'd,
 For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.



A SONG.



Make your Honour *Miss*, tholl loll loll,
 Now to me, Child, tholl loll loll.
 Aiery and easie now, tholl loll loll,
 Very well done *Miss*, tholl loll loll.
 Raise up your Body. Child, tholl loll,
 Then you, in time, will rise: hoh, tholl, la,

Hold up your head *Miss*, tholl loll loll,
 Wipe your Nose, Child, tholl loll,
 When I press on ye, tholl loll loll,
 Fall back easie *Miss*, tholl loll loll,
 Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll,
 Then you'll learn presently, hoh, tholl la.

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll,
 Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll loll,
 Zoons where's your Ears now ? tholl loll loll,
 Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll,
 Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll,
 Else you will never do, hoh, tholl la.

If you will love me *Miss*, tholl loll loll loll,
 You shall Dance rarely Child, tholl loll loll,
 You are a Fortune *Miss*, tholl loll loll,
 And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll,
 Give me your Money *Miss*, tholl loll loll,
 Then I will give you my, hoh, tholl la.

A SONG.



Royal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Blessing,
 The Charging Regent of the Swains ;
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly Expressing,
 Her grief, sat weeping on the Plains :
 Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,
 If fading State must deprive me of Joy ?
 Since *Willy* is gone,
 Ah ! How vainly shines the Sun,
 'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
 Waft, waft him to me.

Large

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
 Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold ;
 Where Ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters,
 Devour all my Lambs, and break down my fold :
Willy while here, secur'd me from fear,
 All the *Wild Herd* stood in awe of my Dear ;
 But poor helpless I,
 Mourning Sigh, and hourly cry,
 Let Fates decree, the Winds and the Sea,
 Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.





T WAS early one morning, the Cock had juſt Crow'd;
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
 My holyday Clothes on, and face newly Mow'd,
 With a heydown, hoe down, drink your brown Berry;
 The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet ſo Red,
 For the Son was juſt then getting out, of his Bed,
 When *Tereſa* and I went to Church to be ſped,
 With a hey ding hoe ding, ſhall I come to Woode thee;
 Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry. derry, derry ding,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;

Sing bey ding, &c.

And her ſmall Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,

With a bey down, &c.

Yet, her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and
 [Plumbs,

And her Teeth that were uſeleſs, for biting her Thumbs,
 Had late, like ill Tenants, forſaken her Gums;

With a bey ding hoe ding, &c.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed?

Sing bey ding, &c.

Such ſtrange things were done, there's no more to be ſaid,

With a bey down, &c.

Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;
 And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
 And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down;

With a bey ding hoe ding, &c.

A SONG.



D Ear Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
To Love will win ye,
I lay it here down,
We must be Thrifty;
'Twill serve to shift ye,
And I know fifty,
Will do't for a Crown.
Dunns come so boldly,
King's Money so slowly
That by all things holy,
'Tis all I can say,
Yet I'm so rapt in,
The snare that I'm Trapt in,
As I'm true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder,
Od-zounds I wonder,
You dare be so bold,

Thus
,

Thus to be making,
 A Treaty so sneaking,
 Or dream of taking,
 My Fort with small Gold,

Other Town Misses,
 May gape at Ten peices,
 But who me possesses,
 Full twenty shall pay,
 To all Poor Rogues in Buff,
 Thus thus I strut and huff,
 So Captain kick and cuff,
 March on your way.

A Dialogue between Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Edwards representing two Country Boors.





Coridon.

Welfare Trumpets Drums and Battling too,
Collin lay, lay down thy Spade;
 And never more follow *Adam's* old Trade,
 But come on to the War,
 Where Swords and Guns are,
 Rattling now whilst we,
 March with *Hausboys* merrily,
 Free hunters of Honour,
 Thou'rt slave to the pride,
 Of some Boar of a Mannour.

Collin.

Well, what then? Much better?
 Is brown bread and Water;
 With Bacon that's Rusty,
 And Beef tho' 'tis damnable Musty;
 In course wooden Platters,
 And Cook'd up by our Country fluts,
 Then Slashes and Bruises,
 And holes made by Fuzees,
 Or feeding on Fame,
 When I'm Cripp'd or Lame;
 Or sent packing with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.
 Zoons with a broad sword thro' my Guts,

Cori-
 9

Coridon.

Dull fool rail no more at Cavelceering,
 What a damn'd scandal it is,
 To sneak here at home,
 Grow mouldy with peace,
 When loud Fame calls thee out.

Collin.

I fear my Commission,
 Will prove but a Vision,
 For when I am posted,
 On Mines where I'm like to be Roasted,
 'Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Com-
 [mand.

Coridon,

Where bold Dragons are domineering,
 Thou'lt see Fortune ready to befriend thee,
 If thou art wounded,
 For honour and Valour,
 Preferment's propounded.

Collin.

Or if with much Toyling,
 I chance to scape Broyling,
 A damn'd bit of lead,
 Drills me quite through the Head.
 How the Divil then shall I kiss the Kings hand,
 Zoons how shall I kiss the Kings hand.

*To the 2d. Part of the Tune.**Coridon.*

From Bullets and fire,
 Tho' oft we retire,
 Our wishes we crown,
 When we enter a Town,
 That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
 And the Plunder's refreshing and cool.

Collin

Collin.

But what if foul weather,
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
Lie safe at home and our Plowjobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zooks you're a cowardly fool.

A SONG.



Great *Alexanders* Horse,
Bucephalus by Name ;
That long has been Enrolled,
Within the Books of Fame :
But Sir *Credulous Easy's* Mare,
So far did him excel ;
She neer run for the plate ,
But she bore away the bell :
S. With a Nigby, Wheegby, Teopoop a,
Full Caper and Career ;
All England cannot shew you,
Sike another Mare,

And
,

And to *Bremford* she did come,
 And an Ale-house she did find;
 She could not pass it by,
 But she knew her Masters mind:
 And as he called for a pot,
 She would be, wou'd be sure of twain;
 Which made her such a sott,
 She ne'er could run again.
¶ With a Nigby, &c.

Since last I saw her face,
 I heard report is spread;
 With drinking in that place,
 This bonny Mare is dead:
 And the last words she did say,
 As she came down the hill,
 Was ah! that bowl had broke her heart,
 And so she made her Will,
¶ With a Nigby, &c.

Her fore Hoof she bequeath'd
 To some Religious fool;
 Who after her untimely death,
 Begs Pardon for her Soul:
 And her hinder hoof with which,
 She play'd full many a trick,
 She gave to those curs'd Wives,
 That against their Husbands kick.
¶ With a Nigby, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
 Her Master wept full sore;
 Because it was reported.
 He ne'er shou'd see her more:
 But that which Comforted him,
 For his departed Friend,
 Was after all his great loss,
 She made so good an end.
¶ With a Nigby, &c.

A S O N G,

Harp.



OF Noble Race was *Shinking*,
The Line of *Owen Tudor*,
Thum, thum, thum, thum,
But her renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love persu'd her.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,
And Lilly Breasts alluring ;
Poor *Jenkins* heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettiest Fellow
At Football or at Cricket ;
At hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too ;
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes
Her Herrings and her Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,
Be top'd at good *Mongomery* ;
And if Love sore smart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheese and *Flomery*

A SONG.



If Loves a sweet Passion, why does it torment,
 If a bitter, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart,

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by Passionate silence I make my Love known;
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her Love;
 When in striving to hide, she returns all her flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A

A SONG.



Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound ;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound :
We come, we come, we come, we come, [Drum
Says the double, (double, double) Beat of the Thundering
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again ;
The Gods from above the mad labour behold,
And Pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets Languish in the Sound ;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ;
Victoria, Victoria, the Bold Britons cry.
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run :
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquisht Invaders.

A SONG.



How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
 Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storms passes;
 And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
 All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing;
 All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying,
 All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
 Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;
 Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
 All Men will praise you, but none will desire.
 Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
 Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
 Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



T Obacco is but an *Indian* weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve
It shows our decay,
We are but clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lilly-white,
Wherein so many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's life is such,
Think of, &c.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with sin;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of, &c.

The Ashes that are left behind.
Does serve to put us all in mind;
That into dust,
Return we must,
Think of &c.

The smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews you man's life must have an end,
The Vapour's gone,
Man's life is done,
Think of &c.

A SONG.



SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knighr,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
 He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly:
 And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
 All Armed with a Coat of Male,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
 That had slain God knows how many Men;
 But when she saw Sir *Eglamore*,
 Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,
 Horse did tremble, Man did quake:
 The Birds betook them all to peeping,
 Oh! twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
 For now they fall to't fight Dog fight Bear;

And

And to't they go, and soundly fight.
A live-long day, from morn till night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That could the sharpest Steel abide;
No Sword could enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts,

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword.
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A S O N G.





THe Danger is over, the Battle is past,
 The Nymph had her fears; but she ventur'd at last;
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won:
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
 Her Blushes become her, her passion is eas'd;
 She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,
 If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
 All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
 Who have lost precious time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing:
 Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,
 You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
 You'll feel the loss little, and much to be won. A

A SONG.



Wully and Georgy now beath are gean,
 To see their lovely Flocks a feeding:
 Fenny and Moggy too follow'd them,
 For fear they should be now a breeding:
 Out of London Town they aw did trip it,
 Down to play at new bopeep at Tunbridge Wells;
 But how they play'd or what they said,
 The De'el his sell can only tell.

Moggy had bearns Fout, Five or Six,
 But Fenny was a young beginner,
 Sure to her trading now she will fix,
 The Kirke has made her a young finner:
 To London Town they're gean!
 Each with a muckle weam:
 And Georgy now to Scotland he mun run,
 Fare him weel ene take him De'el
 Poor Fenny now is quite undone.

A SONG.



Sing, sing whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,
 Trip, trip it upon the Green :
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 No Nothing, no Nothing, offend,
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No Nothing, no Nothing,
 No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No nothing no Nothing, no Nothing,
 No nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.



YOU Lasses and Lads Take leave of your Dads,
 And away to the Maypole hye;
 There is every he has gotten a she,
 And a Fidler standing by,
 There is *Focky* has gotten his *Fenny*,
 And *Johnny* has gotten his *Fone*,
 And there they do jugget, and jugget,
 And jugget up and down.

You're out said *Dick*, you lie said *Nick*,
 The Fidler playd it false;
 And so said *Natt* and so said *Kate*
 And so said nimble *Ealse*:
 With that the Fidler he
 Did play the Tune again;
 And then they did foot it and foot it,
 And foot it unto the men.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

Three times in an hour they went to a bower,
 to play for Ale and Cakes;
 And Kisses to whom they were due
 The Lasses held the stakes:
 The Lasses they began,
 To quarrel with the men;
 And bid them take their Kisses back,
 And give them their own again.

A SONG.



What Ungrateful Devil moves you!
 Come, come my Friend the Truth declares;
 You love *Sylvia*, *Silvia* loves you:
 Why, why then will you Wed the Fair?
 Marriage joyning does discover,
 But Lovefreeing joyns for life:
 Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
 Love the Nymph for ever?
 Never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Let her be your Wife.

Pills to purge Melancholy.
A New Song Sett by Mr. Barin cloth.

323



All

ALL hands up aloft,
 Swab the Coach fore and aft;
 For the punch Clubbers straight will be fitting,
 For Fear the Ship rowl
 Sling of a Full bowl,
 For our honour let all things be fitting
 In an Ocean of Punch
 We to Night will all Sail,
 Ith' Bowl we're in Sea room
 Enough we ne'er fear:
 Here's to thee Mesmate.
 Thanks honest Tom,
 'Tis a health to the King,
 Whilst the Larboard-man drinks
 Let the Starboard man sing
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our chops,
And then we'll turn out
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But lets drink e'er we go,
But lets drink e'er we go.

The winds veering aft,
 Then loose ev'ry Sail;
 She'll bear all her Topails a trip,
 Heave the Logg from the Poop,
 It blows a fresh gale,
 And a just account on the board keep:
 She runs the eight Knots,
 And, eight Cups to my thinking,
 That's a Cup for each Knot,
 Must be fill'd for our drinking,
 Here's to thee Skipper,
 Thanks honest John,
 'Tis health to the King,
 Whilst the one is a drinking,
 The other shall fill.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor out, &c.

The Quartier must Cup,
Whilst the foremast-man Steers ;
Here's a health to each Port where e'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the Gerr,
The depth of each Cup therefore sound :
To our noble Commander,
To his honour and wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuses the health,
Here's to thee honest Harry,
Thanks honest Will,
Old Truepenny still,
Whilst the one is a Drinking,
The other shall fill.

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.*

What news on the Deck Ho ?
It blows a meer storm ;
She lies a try under her Mizzen,
Why what tho' she does ?
Will it do any harm ?
If a Bumper more does us all reason :
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
In spight of the Weather,
Yea, yea huzza let's howl altogether,
Here's to thee Peter,
Thanks honest Joe,
About let it go ;
In the Bowl still a Calm is,
Where e'er the Winds blow.
*With full double Cups,
We'll liquor our, &c.*

A New Scotch Song Set by Mr. Akeroyde.

A S I went over yon misty Moor,
 'Twas on an evening late, Sir,
 There I met with a weelfar'd lafs
 Was spanning of her gate, Sir,
 I took her by the Lilly white hand,
 And by the twat I caught her,
 I swear and vow and tell you true,
 She pift in my hand with laughrer.

The filly poor Wench she lay fo still,
 Youd swear she had been dead Sir,
 The deel a word but aw she said but ay,
 And bow'd her head, her head Sir,
 Kind fir, quoth she you'll kill me here
 But I'll forgive the slaughter ;
 You make fuch motions with your A——
 You'll fp'it my fides with laughrer.

Pills to purge Melancholy.

327

A New SONG, Sett by Mr. J. Clark.



H Ark the Cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair morning ;
Up *Roger* and *James* and drive out your Teams.
Up quickly to carry the Corn in :
Davy the drowzy and *Barnaby* bowzy,
At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer boys ;
Sluggards shall chatter with small beer and water,
Whilst you shall tope of the March beer boys

Lasses that snore for shame give o'er,
Mouth open the Flies will be blowing ;
To get us flout Hum when *Christmas* is come,
Away where the Barly is mowing :
In your Smock sleeves too, go bind up the sheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*,
Then when works over, at night give each Lover,
A Hug and a buss in the Dairy.

Two

Two for the Mow and two for the Plow,
 Is then the next labour comes after;
 I'm sure I hired four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you My Wife and my daughter:
 Roger the trusty, tell Rachel the lusty,
 The barn's a brave place to steal Garters:
 Twixt her and you then contrive up the Mow then
 And take it at Night for your Quarters

A New Song Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



T O Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, 'tis pretty it makes us



Gay; to Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



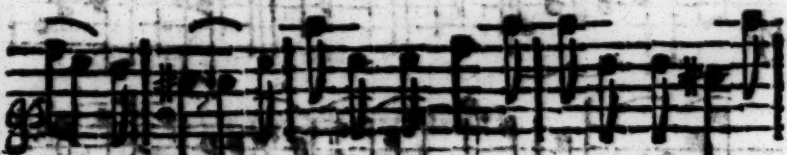
no, no 'tis folly to Kifs, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no; 'tis jolly to kiss, 'tis jol--ly;



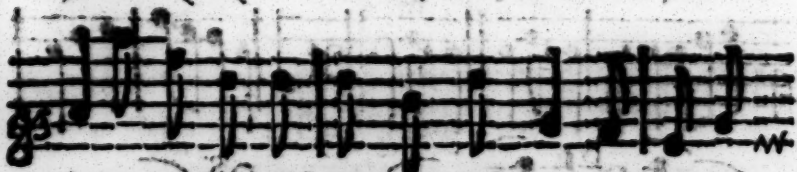
'Tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty I'll



tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss to



Love, but not to dye; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, nothing till you're out of breath, 'tis foolish



to Kiss, 'tis foolish, 'tis foolish to Kiss to death.

The

Let's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn meeting :
To recreate those Female Hearts,
That sometime since were weeping ,
The Lady's pangs are now no more,
All grief is banish'd from her ;
The Lusty boy has made his way
And nothing now can wrong her,

Cho. By all the Gossips.

*O Mighty power of active love,
How bravely hast thou wrought :
From something done there's something come,
While many Toyl for nought.*

Then dish about the Mothers health,
The Lads shall soon come after ;
Nor shall the Father be forgot
In hopes the next — a Daughter :
Go on brave pair obey command ,
And multiply together
May strength increase,
And Wealth ne'er cease,
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. O mighty power of active love, &c.

A Song on a Lady's going into the Bath.





VV When *Sylvia* in bathing her Charms does expose,
 The pretty Bouquet dancing under her Nose,
 My heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
 And leap from the Gal — 'ry into the Bowl :

Each day I provide too ;
 A bribe for her guide too,
 And gave her a Crown,
 To bring me the Water where she sat down :
 Let crazy Physitians think pumping a Cure
 That Virtue is doubtful but *Sylvia's* is sure,

The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,
 And all the while throbbing my heart beats the time ;
 She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,
 That who it is adrest'd to straight ev'ry one knows,

Wou'd I were a Vermin
 Call'd one of her Chairmen,
 Or serv'd as a guide :

Tho' I shou'd as they do a dam'd tawny Hide
 Or else like a pebble at bottom could lye,
 To Ogle her Beauties how happy were I.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O bravee Show,
O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show ?

O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
Who see my pretty Show ?

*Quand la Cigale Canta fa pasboun travailier,
Fadboun estr' a 'lombretta a 'lombretta,
Fa boups estr' a lombretta Calignar*

Here's de *English* and *French* to each oder most civil,
Shake hands and be friends and hug like rhe Devil :
O Raree Show, O Bravee Show, O pretty Gallant a Show.

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging through *France*,
To sweep a de Shimney, to sing and to dance.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here

Here be de great Turk, and de Great King of no land ;
 A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* to *Poland*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here's de brave *English Beau*, for the packet boat tarries,
 To go make his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing the Peace,
 Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miss
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de *English Ships* bring plenty and Riches,
 And here de *French Caper* a mending his Breeches.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,
 And here be de Mob make um squitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de sea Captain a reeling on shore,
 Here's one spend all his Pay and boarding a Whore,
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,
 And here be de Soldiers a storming their spouses.
O Raree Show bravee Show who see my fine show.

A New Scotch SONG or a Game at Pam.





When *Philida* with *Jockey* play'd at Pam,
The bonny Lad nea whit could heed his Game,
But sighing in his doleful dumps,

Leuk'd at her and lost his Trumps,
Ah! a blither sport was *Jockey's* cheif aim.

Those bright Eyes,

The Loon heart wounded cries

Ah welladay

Dear *Philida*

Joy and yet destroy me,

I'll ne'er win by Mournival or blaze,

Or conquering Knave whilst on my Queen I gaze.

Thus *Philida* wit Beauty With and Art,

His money won who had before his heart,

Until the Laughing God of Love,

Pack't the Cards and made 'em prove,

All combin'd to take poor *Jockeys* weak part :

No kind Knave,

The Charmer now could have,

Her Lover too,

Recover'd too,

More than Lost before too,

Till to please them love chang'd the wrangling Game,

To wedlock Joys and *Jockey* was her Pam.

A S O N G in the Morose Reformer.

You Ladyes who are young and gay,
 Since Time too swiftly flies away,
 Bestow your hours of leisure, bestow your hours of lei-
 [sure,
 On Courts, on Gardens, springs, and Groves,
 On Conversation, lawful Loves,
 And ev'ry harmles pleasure ev'ry ev'ry harmles pleasure.
 Be you the finest Shows at plays,
 Alluring youth to Love and gaze,
 But try no mad Conclusions:
 Be ev'ry where, and often shown,
 But Vision like be touch'd by none
 Be only fair Delusions
 For pleasure ramble round the Town,
 But give your Friends no cause to frown,
 From Honour never fall:
 How they're contemn'd who were admir'd,
 In Courts had all their hearts desire
 For ev'ry kiss a tally.

*The 2d. Part of St. George for England by the
late John Grub, M. A. of Christ's-
Church Oxon, to the same Tune, P. 136.*

THe Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable,
The Number of his valiant Knights and roundness
of his Table;

His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye' see,
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
He had a Sword both broad and sharp yclyp'd *Calliburn*,
Would cut a flint more easie than Penknife cuts a Corn;
A case Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a
Rock,

And split a man at single slash from noddle down to nock;
He was the Cream of *Brecknock* and the flower of all the
Welsh,

But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a pla-
guy squelsh;

St. George he was for fair England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* bow the *Turkish* Squadrons flew
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down with half moon
made of Yew;

His trusty Bow Proud *Turks* did gall with showers of Ar-
rows thick,

And Bow-strings without throtling sent Grand *Visier* to
old Nick;

Much *Turbants* and much *Pagan* pates he made to tum-
ble in dust,

And heads of *Saracen's* he fixt on Spear as on a sign post;
He coop'd in cage grim *Bajazet* prop of *Mabomet's* Religion
As if he'd been the whispering bird that prompted him,
the Pidgeon;

In *Turky* leather Scabbard he did sheath his blade so
trenchant,

[inch on't

But *George* he swing'd the Dragons tail and cut off ev'ry
St. George he was, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride,
Was taught byth' *Centaur's* rational parts the Hinnible to
bestride;

Bright Silver feet and shining face had the stout Hero's
mother,

As Rapiers Silver'd at one end and wound us at the other
Her feet were bright, his feet were swift as hawk pursu-
ing Sparrow,

Her's had the metal, his the speed of *Brabant's* Silver
Arrow,

Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her dearest boy,
Who bred him from a slender twig to be the Scourge of
Troy;

But e'r he lash'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* water steep't,
As birch is soaked first in piss when boys are to be whipt;
His skin exceeding hard, he rose from Lake so black and
muddy,

As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea, with shells about their
body;

And as from *Lobsters* broken Claw, pick out the flesh you
might,

So might you from one unshell'd heeldig peices of the
Knight;

His Myrmidons rob'd *Priam's* Barns and hen roofts say the
Song,

Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which
they sprung;

Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloon, and sent him down bare
breech'd,

To *Pedant Radamantus* in posture to be switch'd,
But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd bin bewitcht;

St. *George* be was, &c.

The *Amazon Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,
She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd her foes
with cold;

Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud
mortals under

It shone juſt like his Lightning, and batter'd like his
Thunder;
Her Eye dars Lightning, that would blaſt the proudeſt
he that ſwagger'd,
And melt that Rapier of his Soul in its corporeal Scab-
bard;
With Beauty the great *Lapland* Charm'd, poor men ſhe
did bewitch all,
Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her
ſcreech-owl;
Her beauty and her Drum to foe did cauſe amazement
double,
As timorous Larks amazed are with light and with a low-
Bell;
She kept the Chaſtneſs of a Nun in Armour as in a Cloy-
ſter,
But *George* undid the Dragon, juſt as you'd undo an Oyſter;
St. George be was, &c.
Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,
Him I mean who did them give a devilish thump at *Cannæ*;
Moors thick as goats on *Penwinmaur* ſtood on the *Alpes*'s
front,
Their one ey'd guide like blinking Mole bor'd through
the hindring mount;
Who baffled by the maſſy Rock, took Vinegar for re-
lief,
Like Plow-men when they hew their way through ſtub-
born rump of Beef;
As dancing Louts from humid toes caſt atome of ill ſa-
vour,
To blinking *Hial* when on vile croud he Merriment does
endeavour;
And on harmonious timber ſaws a wretched tune ſo qui-
ver
Juſt ſo the *Romans* ſtunk at ſight of *African* conniver;
The tawny ſurface of his Phiz did ſerve inſtead of Vi-
zard
But *George* he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in
his gizard;
St. George be was, &c. *Pe-*

pendragon like his Father *Jove* was fed with Milk of Goat,
And like him made a noble shield of the Goats shagged
Coat;

On top of burnish'd Helmet he did wear a Crest of leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful nods drew tears down
hostile cheeks

Itch and Welch blood did make him hot, and very prone
to ire,

Was ting'd with brimstone like a match, and would as
soon take fire;

And brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him
occasion,

His postern puff of wind was a Sulphureous exhalation;

The *Britain* never tergivers'd, but was for adverse
drubbing,

Nor ever turn'd his back to ought but to a post for
Scrubbing;

His Sword would serve for Battle or for dinner if you
please,

When it had slain a *Cheeshire* Man 'twould tost a *Cheeshire*
Cheese;

He wounded and in their own blood did Anabaptize
Pagans,

But *George* he made the Dragon an example to all
Dragons;

St. George he was, &c.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore for knot upon her shoul-
der,

She kemb'd her hissing periwig and curling Snakes did
powder;

These Snakes they made stiff Changelings of all men that
they hiss'd on, [stone

They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into free-
Sworded Magnetick *Amazon* her shield to load-stone
changes,

The amorous Sword by mystick Belt clung fast unto her
hanches;

This

This shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks that came to invade long *Compton* ;
The postdiluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* work unravels,
And Stares *Deucalions* hardy boys into their primitive pebbles ;
Red Noses she to rubies turns and noddles into Bricks.
But *George* made the Dragon laxative and gave him a bloody flux ;
St. *George*—he was, &c.

Brave *Warwicks* Guy at Dinner time challeng'd a Giant Savage,
And straight came out the unweildy lout brim full of wrath and Cabbage ;
He had a Phiz of latitude and was full thick i'th middle,
The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter and paunch of Squire Beadle ;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak and did upon his back tread,
The Valiant Guy his Weason cut and *Atropus* his pack-thread ;
Besides he fought with a Dun Cow as say the Poets Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like Dun of Oxford City ;
The fervent dog-days made her mad by causing heat of weather,
Syrius and *Procyon* baited her as a Bull-dog did her Father ;
Grafiars nor Butchers this fell beast e'er of her frolick hinder'd,
John Dorset she'd knock down as flat as *John* knocks down his Kindred ;
Her heels would lay ye all along and kick into a Swoon,
Cow heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here 'twould beat you down ;

She vanquish'd many a sturdy Knight and proud was of
 the honour,
 Was pufft by mauling Butchers so as if themselves had
 blown her ;
 At once she kick'd and push'd at Guy, but all that would
 not fright him ,
 Who wav'd his whinyard o'er her loyn as if he'd gon
 to Knight him ;
 He let her blood her frenzy to cure and eke he did her
 gall rip,
 His trenchant blade like Cooks long Spit ran through the
 monsters bald rib ;
 He rear'd up the vast crook'd rib instead of Arch
 Trimphal,
 But George hit'th Dragon such a pelt which made him on
 his Bum fall ;
 St. George he was, &c.

Great *Hercules* the offspring of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,
 One part of him celestial was, the other part Terrene ;
 To Scale the Walls of's Cradle two fiery Snakes com-
 bin'd,
 And just like unto Swadling cloaths about the Infant
 twin'd ;
 But he put out these Dragons fires and did their his-
 sing stop
 As red hot Iron with hissing noise is quench'd in black
 smiths Shop
 He cleans'd a stable and rubb'd down the Horses of new
 comers,
 And out of Horse dung he rais'd Fame as *Tom Wrench*
 does Cucumbers ;
 He made a river help him through, *Alpheus* was under
 Groom,
 The stream grumbling at office mean ran murm'ring
 through the room ;
 This liquid Ostler to prevent being tired with a long
 work,
 His Father *Neptunes* trident took instead of three tooth'd
 dung fork

This

This *Hercules* as Soldier and as Spinster could take pains
His Club it would some times Spinn flax and sometimes
knock out brains ;

He was, forc'd to Spin his Mifs ashift, by *Juno's* wrath and
her spite,

Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel as Cooks whip bark-
ing turnspit ;

From man or Churn he well knew how to get him last-
ing fame,

He'd baste a Gyant till the blood and milk to butter
came ;

Often he fought with huge battoon, and often times
he Boxed,

Tap'd a fresh monster once a month as *Harvey* doth fresh
Hogshead ;

To stiff *Anteus* he gave a hug, such as folks give in *Corn-*
wall,

But *George* he did the Dragon kill as dead as any door
nail ;

St. George he was, &c.

The valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,
Who from the Jaws of wormblowing Flies freed suppliant
Veal and Mutton ;

A squadron of flies arrant against the foe appears,
With Regiment of buzzing wights and swarms of Volun-
teers ;

The Warlike Wasp encourag'd them with's animating
hum,

And the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle drum ;

The *Spaniard don Cantharido* did him most sorely pester,

And rais'd on skin of ventrous Knight full many a pla-
guy blister ;

A Bee whipt through his button hole, as through key hole
a Witch,

And stab'd him with a little Tuck drawn from his Scab-
bard breech ;

But the undaunted Knight lift's up an Arm so big and
brawny,

And flasht het so that here lay head and there lay bag of
Honey;

Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift as Weapon made
by Cyclops,

And bravely quell'd seditous Buz, by dint of massy fly
flaps;

Surviving Flies did Curses breath, and Maggots too at
Cesar,

But George he shav'd the Dragons beard and Askalon
was his Razor;

St. George he was, &c.

The Gemini sprung of an Egg were put into a Cradle,
Their brains with knœcks and bottl'd Ale were oftentimes
full addle;

And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him that hurls the bolt
trifurcate,

With helmet shell on tender head did buffle with red
Ey'd Polecat;

Castor a horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wist;

The one was fam'd for Iron heel the other for leaden fist;

Pollux to shew he was a God when he was in a passion,

Would first make Noses fall down flat by way of adora-
tion;

This fist as sure as French disease demollisht Noses
ridges, [bridges;

He like a certain Lord was fam'd for breaking down of
Castor the flame of fiery steed with well spur'd Boots
took down, [Town;

As men with leathern Buckets do quench fire in a
His Famous Horse that liv'd on Oats is Sung on Oaten
quill,

Ay *Bards* immortal provender the Nag surviveth still:

This brood of Eggs on none but rogues employ'd their
brisk Artillery,

They flew as naturally at a rogue as Eggs at Knaves on
Pillory;

Much sweat they spent in furious flight, much blood they
did effund,

Their

Their whites they vented through their pores, their
yolks through gaping wound,
Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make a
heavenly sign,
The lads just like their Armour were scour'd and hang'd
up to shine,
Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks the sons of *Jove*
and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up as't had bin duck or
Winder ; *St. George he was, &c.*

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame ;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript and rudely shew'd
his bare breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out their came Heroick Guts
and Garbadge ;
Leggs were secur'd with Iron boots no more than peas
by peas cods
Brass helmets with inclosed Skulls would crackle in's
mouth like chesnuts ;
His tawny Hairs erected were by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax did stiffen his rising
bristles ;
His Tusks lay'd doggs to sleep that whip nor bugle horn
could wake em,
It made them vent both their last blood and their last
Albumgrecum ;
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear to make of him
a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves he stuck in Monsters
gammon ;
For Monumental pillar that his Victory might be known
He rais'd up in Cylandrick form a Collar of the Brawn ;
He sent his shade to shades below in *Syngian* mud to
wallow,
And eke the stout *St. George* est soon he made the Dragon
follow ;

St. George he was, &c.

A Scotch Song.

T Was in the Month of May Joe, When Fockey first I
 He luk'd as fair as day too, Gude gin I'd bin his Bride : (spy'd ;
 With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,
 Ife ne'er yet saw the Like ;
 I wish I had gin aw my Land,
 Ife ne'er had seen the Tike,

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, With aw the signs of Love ;
 Ife thought they wou'd gang through me, So fiercely they
 He tuke me in his eager Arms, (did move :
 Ife made but faint denials ;
 I'fe then alas found aw his Charms,
 Woe worth such fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at last Joe, was forc'd toll gang away ;
 But I'fe had eane stuck fast tho', Full Nine Months from
 And now poor Femys Maiden-head, that day :
 Shame on't they find its lost ;
 The little brat has aw betray'd
 Waever his thus cross'd.

P O E M S,

On Several Occasions.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay musing all alone
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while and I will you tell
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lads well.

He came to her when she was going to bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden head;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou needst not doubt,
If thou were't in Hell I could sing thee out:
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire,
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring,

Tush, tush quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the gray Gown off my back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;

When

When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well,

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With money unto his bonny Lass;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she;
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the money:
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey:
Nay stay a while some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid my Master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see,

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he I'm in the well;
No matter quoth she if thou wer't in Hell,
Thou saidst thou could'st sing me out of Hell,
I prithe thee sing thyself out of the Well;
Sing out quoth she with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be drown'd:
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before;
Away quoth the Wench come here no more:
The Fryer he walk'd along the street
As if he had been a new wash'd sheep.
Sing hey down a derry; and lets be merry;
And from such sin ever keep.



The Virtue of SACK, by Dr. Hen. Edwards.

Fetch me *Ben. Johnson's* Skull, and fill't with Sack,
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
 If there be any weakness in the wine,
 There's virtue in the Cup to make't divine;
 This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much
 Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch
 Of the dull hand that sows it; and I fear
 There's Hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
 And his precise Disciples, ſuch as think
 There's Powder, treason in all *Spaniſh* drink;
 Call Sack an Idol, nor will kiſs the Cup,
 For fear their Conventicle be blown up
 With ſuperſtition; give to theſe Brew-houſe alms
 Whoſe beſt mirth is Six ſhillings Beer, and *Pſalms*:
 Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
 Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
 And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire;
 That thou ſublim'ſt the Genius making Wit
 Scorn earth, and ſuch as love or live by it;
 Thou make'ſt us Lord of Regions large and fair,
 Whiſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:
 Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiors be
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
 Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
 Such is the worth of Sack; I am (methinks)
 In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:
 And do eſteem my venerable ſelf
 As brave a fellow, as if all the peſſ
 Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
 Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
 No debts, but fairly empty every trunk
 And change the gold for ſack to keep me drunk:

And so by consequence till rich *Spains* wine
 Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine :
 And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bless us!)
 I think my self a better man than *Crasus*,
 And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
 And coughing laugh to see my clients trudge
 After My Lordships Coach unto the Hall
 For Justice and am full of Law withal.
 And do become the Bench as well as he
 That fled long since for want of honesty :
 But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest,
 For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest.
 When I am sober, who can chuse but think
 Me wise, that am so wary in my drink!
 Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty sport,
 I am come back from *Westminster* to Court ;
 And am grown young again ; my Prifick now
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
 Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
 When she invites young lovers forth to play
 Upon her flow'ry bosom I could win
 A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin,
 Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see
 How they would strive which first should ravish me :
 Three Goddesses were nothing : Sack has tipt
 My Tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt
 From *Venus* when she taught him how to kiss
 Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliss :
 Mine is *Canary-rhetorick*, that alone
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone :
 Some with amazement, burning with loves fire,
 Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.
 Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich,
 Wise, amorous any thing ; I have an itch
 To o'ther Cup, and that perchance will make
 Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake ;
 If I be once inflam'd against thy Nole
 That could preach down thy worth in small-beer prose,
 I should do Miracles as bad or worse,
 As he that gave the King an hundred Horse.

To.

T'other odd cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles's* his Enemies or Sack's,
Let it be full if I do chance to spill
Ov'r my Standish by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink my pen,
Write my self sober and fall to't agen.

*On a Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk, and the Wis-
bich, by Mr. Tho. Randolph.*

GO you tame Gallants you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to show for't and can crow,
And count all dung-bill breed that cannot show
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight
Must make his ink o' th' blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful people set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the play,
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding sheet.
With that into th' pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the *Norfolk Chanticleere*
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe
And like a challenger begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths

Hi,



His comely crest, and often looking down,
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground :
 With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
 Of *Æsop*, that can better fight than feed :
 They scorn the Dunghill, 'tis their only Prize
 To dig for pearl within each others eyes.
 They fight so long that it was hard to know
 To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,
 Had not the blood which died the fatal floor
 Born witness of it ; yet they fight the more,
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward ; lightning's not more quick
 Nor red then were their eyes : 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so :
 And sure they had been out, had not they stood
 More safe by being fenc'd in by blood.
 Yet still they fight but now (alas !) at length
 Although their courage be full try'd their strength
 And blood began to ebb ; you that have seen
 A water Combate on the sea, between
 Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
 They march and meet and dash their curled brows
 Swelling like graves as is they did intend
 To intomb each other, e're the quarrel end :
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,
 They are made friends and sweetly run together,
 May think these Champions such ; their combs grow low
 And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go :
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
 (As if they did applaud themselves now flapt) ;
 And having lost the advantage of the Heel
 Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
 As if they wept them for their Funeral .
 And yet they fain would fight, they came so near,
 As if they meant into each others ear
 To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise,
 They lie and look blows in each others eyes.
 But now the Tragick part after the fight
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,

And

And *Wisbich* lay a dying so that none.
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
 Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
 His force as meaning with that blow to fall;
 He struggles up and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
 Fights only guided by Antipathies:
 With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
 The blows his eyes ne'er see his heart must rue.
 At length by chance he stumbled on his foe,
 Not having any power to strike a blow,
 He falls upon him with a wounded head,
 And makes his conquering wings his Feather-bed:
 Where lying sick his friends were very chare
 Of him, and fetcht in hast an Apothecary;
 But all in vain his body did so blister,
 That 'twas incapable of any glister;
 Wherefore at length opening his fainting bill
 He call'd a Scrivner, and thus made his will

INprimis, Let it never be forgot,
 My body freely I bequeath to th' pot
 Decently to be boild, and for its tomb
 Let it be buried in some hungry womb,
 Item. Executors I will have none,
 But be that on my side laid seven to one:
 And like a Gentleman that he may live,
 To him and to his heirs my Comb I give,
 Together with my brains, that all may know.
 That oftentimes his brains did use to crow,
 Item. It is my will to the weaker ones
 Whose Wives complain of them, I give my stones,
 To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
 And to the Coward I bequeath my heart:
 To Ladies that are light it is my will,
 My feathers should be given; and for my bill
 I'd give't a Taylour but it is so short,
 That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't:

And

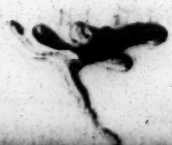
And for the Apothecaries fee who meant
 To give me a Glistre, let my rump be sent.
 Lastly because I feel my life decay,
 I yield and give to Wisbich Cock the day.

On a FART in the Parliament-House,

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Down came Grave Ancient Sir John Crooke
 And read his message in a book,
 Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it so,
 But Mr. *Pym's* Tayl cry'd no.
 Fye, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this passage
 To have a Fart intervolutary in the midst of a Message
 Then up starts one fuller of Devotion
 Than Eloquence, and said a very ill motion:
 Not so neither quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
 The Motion was good but for the stinking;
 Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick
 To Fart in the Face of the body Politick
 Sir *Ferome* in Folio swore by the Mass
 This fart was enough to have blown a glass:
 Quoth then Sir *Ferome* the lesser such an abuse
 Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
 Quoth Sir *Richard Houghion*, a Justice ith' *Quorum*
 Would tak't in Snuff to have a Fart let before him:
 If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holcraft*,
 I would make of this Fart a bolt or a Shaft;
 Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great commendation,
 I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion,
 Now surely, says he, For as much as how be it
 This fart to the Serjeant we must commit.
 No quoth the Serjeant low bending his knees
 Farts oft will break Prisons but never Pay Fees:
 Besides this Motion with small reason stands,
 To charge me with what I cant keep in my hands:
 Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,
 I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet. Why

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but bury it with sweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my salvation
This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation.
Quoth Mr *Cartwright*, upon my conscience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frankincense.
Quoth Sir *Roger Aston* it would much mend the matter
If this Fart were shaven and wash't with Rose-water,
Per verbum principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by here-say and not see it nor smell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor* we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King.
Such a Fart as this was never seen
Quoth the learned council of the Queen.
Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Beston* the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then said Mr. *Leak* I have a president in store.
His Father Farted last Session before.
A bill must be drawn then quoth Sir *John Bennet*
Or a selected Committee quickly to pen it.
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no man can draw
This Fart within the compass of the Civil Law:
Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law't may be done,
Being a Fart intay'd from Father to Son;
In troth quoth Mr. *Brook* this Speech was no lye,
This Fart was one of your *Post Nati*:
Quoth *William Paddy* he dare assure 'em
Though 'twere *Contra Modestiam* 'tis not *præter naturam*:
Besides by the Aphorisms of my art
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been sick of a Fart,
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City.
To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity.
It is most certain quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizzle*,
That a round Fart is better than a stinking fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
There's none of us all but may be mistaken:
Why right quoth the great Attorney I confess
The Echo of ones A— is remediless,



*The Geneva Ballad. By the Author of
Hudibras.*

O F all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upside down,
Or tears *Preences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps
By the *Dimensions* of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his *Actions* all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.
Was ever *like a Beak* learn'd Clerk,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark.

To draw in *Profelytes* like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his *Hand-kerchief* a squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose,
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stockin Similtudes*,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And *Pulpits* did like *Beacons* flame;
When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having smote his Master, slip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand,

But

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Ofttimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

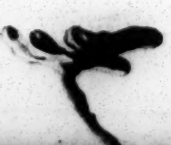
Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains ;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star* Zeal and Lungs like *Boreas*
He fought and taught ; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament* ;
As if the Wind could stand *North South*
Broke *Moses's* Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms*.
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than *St. George* or the Kings of *Colen* ;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark ! how he opens with full Cry !
Hallow my Hearts, beware of *R O M E*,
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestick Broils at home.



How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
 Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
 And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

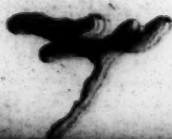
The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no dissention in the Sky:
 And can there be a Mean betwixt
 Confusion and Conformity?

A Place divided never thrives:
 'Tis bad were Hornets dwell in Hives,
 But worse where Children play with Knives,

I would as soon turn back to Mafs,
 Or change my phrase to *thee* and *thou*;
 Let the Pope ride me like an Ass
 And his Priests milk me like a Cow:
 As buckle to *Smedymnian* Laws,
 The bad effects o'th' the Good Old Cause,
 That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
 The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;
 Foul Errors motly Vesture first
 Was coated in a Northern Blue.
 And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,
 Or men of *Knipperdoling's* Creed,
 But Cov'nanters run up to seed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
 And make boast of their Innocence:
 There cannot be so vile a think,
 But may be colour'd with Pretence,
 Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
 No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
 No Traitor like *Jack*——



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